

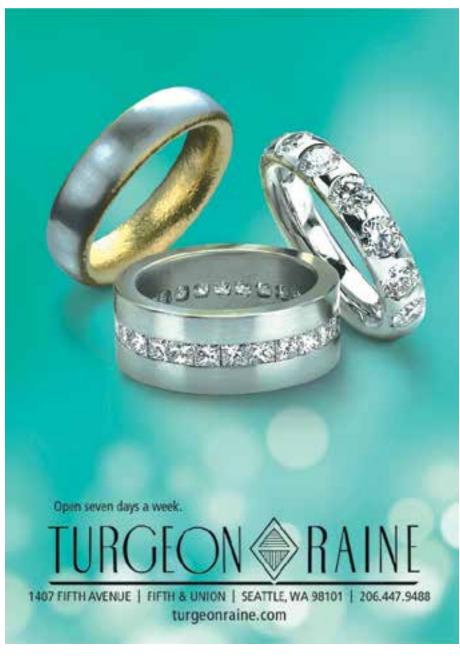
SECRET CITY BEACHES AND PARKS, NEIGHBORHOODS YOU CAN PRETEND ARE FOREIGN CITIES, AND HOW TO SWIM IN LAKES IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF SLIMY THINGS

TAKING THE EMERALD CITY BY STORM

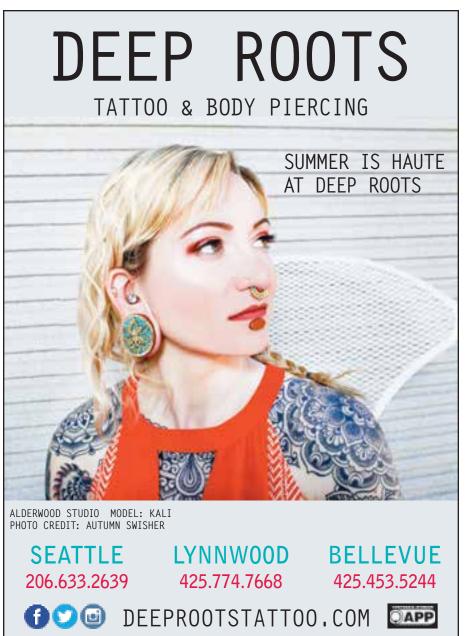


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Volume 24, Issue Number 45 July 8–14, 2015



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Portrait of Buddy the lake dog by **ANDY PIXEL**

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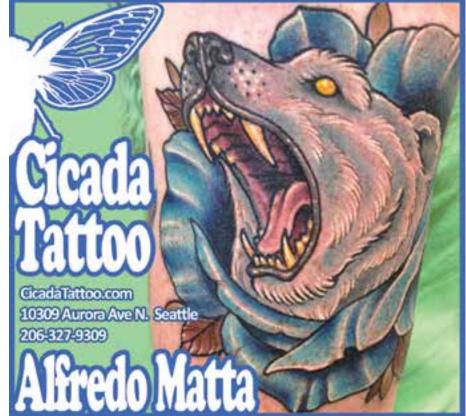
Paul Kavanagh

THE STRANGER 1535 11th Avenue, Third Floor, Seattle, WA 98122 VOICE (206) 323-7101 FAX (206) 323-7203 SALES FAX (206) 325-4865

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SALES FAX (206) 325-4865 HOURS Mon-Fri, 9 am-5:30 pm E-MAIL editor@thestranger.com









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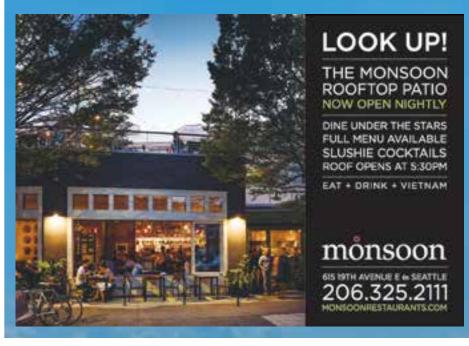














MONDAY, JUNE 29 This week of vaccination sanity, Girl Scout glory, and the unfortunate overlap of boners and American flags kicked off with Donald Trump, the yam-toned racist and ambulatory hair experiment who two weeks ago spiced up his presidential-campaign announcement by denouncing Mexican immigrants as drugged-up rapists and has

been getting his ass kicked around the globe ever since. To-day's Trump-thumpers: NBCUniversal, which announced its severing of all business ties to Trump (including canceling planned broadcasts of the Miss USA and Miss Universe pageants and removing Trump as host of



HATED BY ALL (EXCEPT THE GOP)

Celebrity Apprentice), and Grupo Televisa SAB, the vast and powerful Spanish-language media company that also dumped plans to air Trump's pageants and shows. ("In addition, the company, which owns the Mexican pageant that feeds into Miss Universe, said it would not be sending a Miss Mexico contestant this year," reported CNN.) The rest of the week will see Trump lose business deals with Macy's and NASCAR, while the man himself will steadfastly refuse to retract his "Mexicans are rapists" comments. "All I'm doing is telling the truth," Trump will tell CNN's Don Lemon on Wednesday, citing a Fusion report on sexual-

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty



BROKE AS FUCK

I have four fucking part-time jobs, all of which pay \$12 to \$20 an hour. I am fucking frugal. I have a fucking BA from a top liberal-arts college. And I am still fucking struggling to pay the bills and the rent. I have fucking Medicaid, and I am eligible for fucking food stamps. There is something motherfucking wrong with this picture. And don't even say I should have gotten a fucking degree that would make me eligible for a fucking well-paying profession. Most of those professions are disproportionately overfuckingpaid and underfuckingtaxed, and that's why everygoddamnbody else is fucking struggling to survive. I shouldn't have to bust my fucking ass seven days a week and still have my checking account fucking overdrawn, FUCK.

—Anonymous

assault statistics for Central American immigrants crossing Mexico.

After Lemon pointed out that the news reports had nothing to do with Mexican criminals coming across the border, the would-be GOP presidential hopeful was reduced to barking. 'Well, somebody's doing the raping, Don! I mean, somebody's doing it! Who's doing the raping? Who's doing the raping?" In closing, here's the week's most shocking sentence regarding a billionaire running for president on a "Mexicans are rapists" platform: "In several recent polls, [Trump] has trailed only Jeb Bush in the race for the Republican presidential nomination, whether nationally or in key states like New Hampshire and Iowa," the New York Times will report on Friday. May God have mercy on our souls.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30 The week continued in California, where last December brought a measles outbreak at Disneyland, and where today Governor Jerry Brown signed legislation removing the personal-belief vaccine exemption from state law and requiring all public-school students to be fully vaccinated. "Effective the 2016-17 school year, children whose parents refuse vaccination and are not granted a medical exemption must be homeschooled," reported the Associated Press. "The law applies to both public and private schools, as well as daycare centers." And while numerous Scientology-affiliated celebrities and science-denving parents will decry the new legislation as medical fascism, the need for the new law will be confirmed on Friday, with news of the immune-suppressed woman in Washington State who recently became the United States' first measles-related death in 12 years. "I'm so sorry to hear about this preventable tragedy," said California state senator and legislation coauthor Richard Pan to Reuters. "In my own state, a child is currently in hospice because of a measles complication. This is exactly why the law I wrote needs to take effect."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1 Speaking of historic developments in Washington State, the week continued in Seattle, where this past spring a **local Girl Scouts chapter** received a stunning surprise: a \$100,000 check, donated by a supporter and providing a windfall that would send hundreds of girls to summer camp



NO SELLOUT

programs. Everything was wonderful until the arrival of a second letter from the donor, this one specifying that none of the donated funds could

and into science

help transgender Girl Scouts; if the Scouts' plans involved trans girls, the donor wrote, the \$100,000 check should be returned. So returned it was. "It was one of the easiest decisions I've had to make," said Girl Scouts of Western Washington CEO Megan Ferland to BuzzFeed News. "It was a sad decision, but it was a really quick one." Earlier this week, BuzzFeed News reports, the Girl Scouts of Western Washington launched a crowd-funding campaign to follow through on its promise to send 500 girls to Scout camp. By today, the campaign had raised more than \$250,000. Yay for all.

UNSUNG HEROES OF THE FIGHT FOR GAY MARRIAGE

Now that the US Supreme Court has made it illegal for states to ban same-sex marriage, The Stranger is taking a celebratory look back at some of the lesser-known trailblazers on the road to this historic civil-rights victory.

VOLUME I:

Cory Levinton, Straight Guy Who Wore a Dress to a Party in 1994

mean, it was just kind of in the air, you know? I didn't, like, think of myself as an agent of social change or whatever. I just thought, like, basically, 'Why shouldn't I be able to wear a dress to a party if I want?' I remember talking to this one dude, a big fucker who'd just gotten out of treatment in Missoula, who was all, 'When I first saw you. I was gonna kick your fucking ass on principle, but you actually seem kind of okay." I think his name was Block? No. Brock! He gave me a kind of weirdly extra-long hug when the sun came up. Anyway... I wasn't a cross-dresser—though if I had been, that would've been fine, too. I just did it like twice, or maybe three times. Then my girlfriend at the time said she thought it was embarrassing, so I stopped. I don't wanna take too much credit. A lot of people made real sacrifices. But it's nice to know I played a part in laying the groundwork.



THURSDAY, JULY 2 Nothing happened today, unless you count the aftermath of the shocking random killing of a woman strolling along San Francisco's tourist-packed waterfront last night, by a suspect identified as an undocumented immigrant from Mexico with a history of narcotics charges who'd been previously deported five times—a tragic conglomeration of facts that will enable Donald Trump to gloat to Fox News about a "senseless and totally preventable act of violence committed by an illegal immigrant [that's] yet another example of why we must secure our border immediately." Today, a TV news crew reporting on the murder was pistol-whipped and robbed live on the air.

FRIDAY, JULY 3 Speaking of horrifying occurrences, the week continued in the southeastern and central United States, where the past two weeks have seen the burning of at least seven black churches. "The wave of fires began on June 21 with a fire at College Hill Seventh Day Adventist in Knoxville, Tenn.. and continued across at least four states in the southeastern and central US." reported Reuters. "Three fires have been officially declared arson and at least two were deemed to have been the result of natural causes." (Among the "natural" causes of burning churches: lightning, dry conditions.) As for the arsons: "To date the investigations have **not revealed anv** potential links between the fires," as Justice Department spokeswoman Melanie Newman told Reuters. (Apparently, good old-fashioned racism doesn't count as a "potential link," but there you have it.)

SATURDAY, JULY 4 The week continued with **Independence Day**, the US holiday commemorating the United States' independence from the British Empire. To celebrate, here's a tangentially pertinent tale involving the creepier side of patriotism from **Hot Tipper**

MK: "Dear Last Days, between the designated swimming area and off-leash dog area at Seattle's Warren G. Magnuson Park, there are several small, hidden beaches where one can swim. The last two times I've been there, there has been a shifty tan guy on his bike scanning these areas. Today, he nicely asked me if I minded him 'in his bikini' sunbathing in the



WHEN YOU SEE IT, SALUTE!

spot I had chosen to swim. He disrobed down to an American flag Speedo, which seemed to hold a full-on Cialis-induced erection. I packed up and went to another secluded beach. Upon walking back to my car, I noticed him sitting behind two other women, his American flag at full mast. Is there anything we as a city can do?" Dear Hot Tipper MK: The path forward is clear. Upon being confronted by the Magnuson creep's Speedo flagpole, citizens should immediately salute and scream-sing the national anthem until he flees.

SUNDAY, JULY 5 The week ended with the perennial post–Fourth of July tallying of fireworks carnage, dominated this year by the 22-year-old man in Maine who placed a **firework-packed mortar tube** on his head, ignited it, and then was dead. ■

Don't light fireworks on your head. Send hot tips to lastdays@thestranger.com and follow me on Twitter @davidschmader.

Salute and scream-sing at

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Washington Just Announced the First Measles Death in the United States in 12 Years. What's Wrong With Us?

Lawmakers Failed to Close a Loophole for "Personal Belief" Vaccine Exemptions, Leaving It Up to Physicians to Get Through to Parents BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

reventable diseases aren't supposed to be killing people in 2015. Yet the Washington State Department of Health recently had the unenviable task of announcing the first measles

death in the United States in more than a decade. On July 2, the DOH revealed that a case of pneumonia brought on by measles had killed a woman from the Olympic Peninsula

"We should be ashamed of ourselves,"

Representative June Robinson (D-Everett) told The Stranger the week after the DOH announced the cause of death. "We thought these diseases were eradicated, and now they're back in our midst.'

The latest measles death wasn't related to the strain unleashed in Disneyland last winter. But, like the Disneyland outbreak, the new case highlighted the damage individual choices not to vaccinate can have on more vulnerable members of a community. The deceased woman-who the DOH is not identifying for privacy reasons—already had a weakened immune system when she contracted measles; according to the DOH, she was taking immune-suppressing drugs for another medical condition that prevented her body from fighting the disease. High group vaccination rates—meant to foster what's called "herd immunity"—are supposed to protect

people like the woman who died. But below a certain percentage of people immunized, preventable diseases start to reappear. "So to me, that's a huge tragedy," a Clallam County health official told the Peninsula Daily News. "It was preventable by the community levels of immunization."

Unfortunately, fighting against diseases like measles no longer has anything to do with the science of community health. Instead, it has everything to do with individual beliefs—and, as research coming out of Western Washington is beginning to suggest, the science of marketing.

Like 17 other states, Washington allows schoolchildren to go unvaccinated if parents' philosophical beliefs intervene. In 2011, Washington kindergartners had the highest rate of skipped vaccinations in the country, and this is now placing the state's major public-school districts at risk. If communities fail to immunize between 92 and 95 percent of children for measles, mumps, and rubella (MMR), measles threatens a comeback—and, according to this year's enrollment data, students in Seattle Public Schools are only 83.5 percent immunized for MMR. Overall, only 71.8 percent of Seattle's public-school students have completed all their vaccinations, ranking below

California following the Disneyland outbreak. Still, not all researchers agree that policy is the only way to go. "If policy was as easy as, you know, re-

flecting current knowledge or good science, then the answer should be that we eliminate personal-belief exemptions," said Dr. Douglas Opel, an assistant professor of bioethics and pediatrics at the University of Washington School of Medicine. "But policy is not simply



Tacoma's 79.6 percent and slightly above Spokane's 68.8 percent. But even though new outbreaks of preventable diseases are drawing scrutiny to exemption laws, only three states prevent personal and religious beliefs from interfering with vaccines. California is one of them. There, in late June, Governor Jerry Brown signed a tough new piece of legislation that got rid of both personal and religious exemptions in that state.

Representative Robinson, who received a master's of public health from the University of Michigan, sponsored a similar bill to get rid of personal belief exemptions in Washington State, but her bill languished in Olympia after passing out of the state house's Health Care and Wellness Committee and didn't even come to a vote on the house floor this session. Sponsors shrank away, Robinson said, fearing the anti-vaccine backlash.

Robinson admits that passing vaccine legislation in Washington may work only in times of politically convenient crisis, like in

that. It is an intersection between current knowledge as well as societal values. Gun control, restricting access to firearms, is a good example. If we relied on simply science for restricting ac-

Presenting science alone can even backfire. In 2014, a study published in Pediatrics showed that debunking the false autism-

cess to firearms, that would be a slam dunk."

"We thought these diseases were eradicated, and now they're back in our midst."

vaccine connection for parents can have the opposite of the intended effect on the parents with the biggest doubts about vaccines. In the Pediatrics study, debunking made those parents even less willing to get their kids vaccinated for measles, mumps, and rubella. Researchers still don't understand why, but they did suggest that correcting one falsehood could put parents on the defensive—and make anti-vaxxers want to justify their position on other fronts.

Now researchers like Opel are studying how to stage other types of interventions.

Four years ago, five public and private institutions in Washington State-including the DOH-joined forces to create VAX Northwest, a coalition that aimed to better inform parents about vaccines. This past May, a group of researchers, including Opel, published the first-ever study testing to see whether a local intervention created by VAX Northwest would work. Researchers tracked doctors at 56 clinics across Western Washington, some of whom had been trained on how to communicate with vaccine-hesitant parents, then surveyed 347 new mothers in their care. Physicians were taught to ask parents how they felt about vaccines, acknowledge their concerns, and advise them.

The intervention failed. Vaccine hesitancy decreased slightly in both the experimental intervention clinics and the control ones, but Nora Henrikson, the study's lead author, attributes that partly to a whooping cough outbreak going on at the time. Or maybe the intervention just wasn't strong enough. Doctors were trained on how to communicate with parents over 45-minute lunch sessions, so perhaps they could have used full-day sessions and more thorough follow-up.

"There are a lot of things we don't understand about vaccine hesitancy," Henrikson said. "We've heard lots of ideas from other folks that we should work with physi-

cians taking care of moms earlier in the birth process, maybe even during pregnancy."

Joe Turcotte, a Washington-based health-care communications consultant, suggested that part of the problem has to do with branding. Physicians, unlike huge corporations, don't have sophisticated tools telling them how to connect with their target demographic. In this case, that target demographic happens to be vaccine-hesitant parents. (They tend to be white, well educated, and affluent. Politically, they vary.)

"If you think about [General Motors], and how well they understand their consumer base and what's going to influence a consumer to buy what type of car, they have very sophisticated market-research tools that help them connect directly

with their consumer," Turcotte said. "On this issue, that level of understanding isn't there vet.

Some of Opel's research suggests that immunization rates actually im-

prove when physicians start conversations by just telling parents they're going to vaccinate that day. Starting with the presumption of vaccination—and then following up with concerns-may work better than leaving the door open for hours of trying to bat down every bit of misinformation floating around the internet.

Doctors are also fighting against the fact that the anti-vaccine movement of 2015 isn't a new phenomenon. Anti-vaxxers have resisted public-health measures since the 18th-century introduction of the smallpox vaccine. In Henrikson's mind, that tension probably won't disappear from US soil anytime soon. "It's just something that almost gets at everything America stands for," she said. "This tension between individual rights and individual freedom and the community." With cowardly lawmakers in Olympia ducking the issue, now it's up to doctors to wade into that difficult tension and win over the individual parents who are putting their kids-and evervone else—at risk. ■





ALL OF THESE SECRET BEACHES AND PARKS BELONG TO YOU, SEATTLE. USE THEM!

Exploring the City's Unknown and Underused Public Spaces By Eli Sanders

eattle has 149 secret beaches. They sit at the ends of public roads and dirt paths and seemingly private driveways. Nearby, razor wire and security cameras guard expensive private properties that have tennis courts, groomed gardens, guesthouses, and long docks. These beaches are tiny crevices of public space, little known and offering the average citizen a chance to quietly take in the view of a multimillionaire without the fear of being evicted.

They exist (and are being improved) thanks to a 1996 city-council resolution that goes something like this: Wherever a public street dead-ends at water in Seattle, the space between that dead end and the water is public property. Your property!

On a recent weekday morning, pursuant to this resolution, an apartment-dwelling companion and I set out to survey some of our waterfront property. A few blocks south from Lake Washington's often-crowded Madison Park Beach, we located the final stretches of East Lee Street. This street reaches its eastern conclusion on a block of large homes with strong fences, and beyond the street's dead end, through the crisscrossing trunks of a tall bush, watery light and a glimpse of the lake beckoned. Walking around the bush, we found two young women on blankets, the water lapping gently in front of them as they stared out at a view of the Bellevue high-rises peeking up above the trees on the other side of Lake Washington. Perhaps wanting to remain the only ones there, the two women helpfully referred us to another secret beach—one so secret that it was talked about in their high school as, simply, "Secret Beach"—that sits a little farther south.

We decided to search for their "Secret Beach" but first stopped off at the dead end on nearby East Highland Drive, a rocky public shore that's only about 30 feet wide. To get there, we walked down a long driveway that seemed to be private but—city signs reminded us—wasn't. Then we followed a dirt path through blackberry bushes and—presto quiet waterfront with rowers sculling past.

e'd found out about these two street-end beaches thanks to a handy map called "Seattle's Shoreline Street Ends" that the city has posted online. It ranks streetend beaches along Puget Sound, Lake



Union, and Lake Washington as "worth a visit," "not yet ready for visitors," and "no public access." (With beaches in the latter two categories being improved as city money becomes available.) The first two beaches we visited were both ranked "worth a visit"—and rightly so—as was the third. It sits at the end of East Prospect Street and has the most interesting approach of them all. To get to this beach, you walk alongside the razor-wire-topped northern fence of the exclusive Seattle Tennis Club and then arrive at a public bench placed on a rocky shore with a perfect view of Mount Rainier to the south. (This view also includes 10 or so feet of non-razor-wired Seattle Tennis Club fence that extends into Lake Washington for good measure, but never mind that.) Around this time, we also noticed that all of these street-end beaches lack something significant: bathrooms. One of us may have peed in the bushes along the Seattle Tennis Club fence as a result. Plan ahead!

Next, the "Secret Beach." We found its entrance on 39th Avenue East, just north of Denny Blaine Park. It's guarded by a tall pole with several security cameras affixed to it, and at the time we arrived, a welltanned woman was leaving and getting into her Range Rover. (Public beaches: They're for everyone!) This was by far the nicest of the street-end beaches along this stretch of Lake Washington, with a thoughtfully placed wooden bench, a stretch of grass for lying on, a sandy—rather than rocky—shore, and



PUBLIC LAND The city is continuing to improve its secret beaches.

some lovely trees for casting shade at the right hour. We found only one other person there, surrounded by silence.

t was approaching lunchtime, so we changed gears and headed for a secret park—as opposed to a secret beachthat was in a neighborhood that seemed likely to have a sandwich: Queen Anne. The park we were looking for is "secret" according to Linnea Westerlind, who runs the amazing website Year of Seattle Parks, which chronicles how Westerlind set out to visit every single public park in Seattle in one year and ended up doing it—in four. "Certainly, every park didn't leave

me amazed," Westerlind writes. But she developed a particular fascination with what she calls the city's "secret parks," which she devotes a section of her website to.

Some of them are street-end beaches like the ones we'd visited, but a number of them are tiny landlocked public parks that most people—even those who've lived their entire lives in Seattle—could easily miss if they didn't turn down the right streets in the right order. For example, Queen Anne's Bhy Kracke Park (at the end of Comstock Place), which has an evocative name that traces back to a surprising source: a man named Werner H. Kracke. He lived on property that is now the park and he liked the old-timey phrase "By cracky!" so much

We followed a dirt path through blackberry bushes and—presto quiet waterfront with rowers sculling past.

that it became his nickname, though he spelled his nickname in a special way: "Bhy Kracke." True story.

Anyway, Bhy Kracke Park is a wonderful little park with three parking spots, four benches, a little grassy lawn, and an epic view of South Lake Union. All around there are enviable homes, and down a switchback trail through blackberry bushes, some even-more-secret plots of grass and, if you take the right fork in the switchback trail, Lower Bhy Kracke Park, which has a nice picnic shelter and a working water fountain (but still no public bathroom, the marker of a park the city actually wants you to linger in).

After lunch, feeling that our morning had lacked a secret glimpse of water on the western side of the city, we drove to Andover Place (4000 Beach Dr SW), one of the secret parks Westerlind discovered in West Seattle. It can be found down a gravel path that leads between two waterfront homes—follow the smell of saltwater and the sound of seagulls. Once on the beach, we saw people out on their private patios eating dinner as waves splashed against tall private breakwaters and the sun set over the Olympics. We didn't have a dinner with us to eat, or a table to sit at, but we had the view, and even though 10 feet away the story would have been different, here on this little stretch of beach, we owned it all. ■



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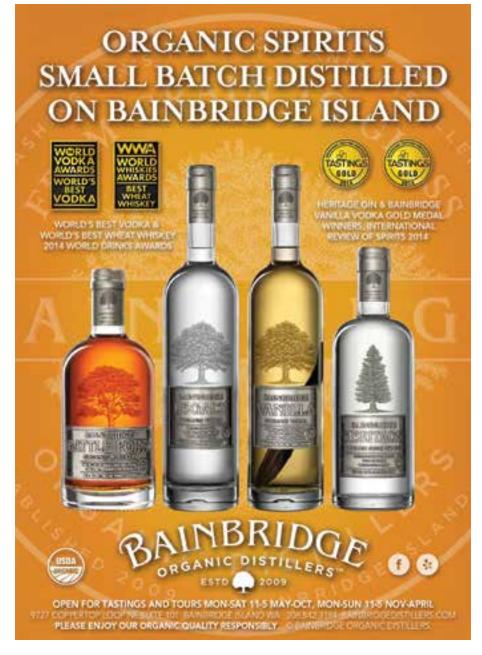






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VACATION: A CHANCE TO FALL IN LOVE AND A CHANCE TO LET GO

At 35, I Thought I'd Be Taking the Plunge into Marriage—Instead, I Went to Tulum with a Bunch of Strangers By April Kilcrease

am not what you would call a risk taker. I cringe when I see someone bicycling without a helmet. I wait an hour before swimming after I eat.
I've visited ski resorts in Colorado, Germany, and Switzerland, but I've never hit the slopes. I prefer to trudge safely along flat surfaces in snowshoes instead.

But when it comes to relationships, I'm like the sucker in the dunk tank at the county fair. Hit my heart hard enough, and I plunge right in.

When I met Dan, I didn't jump into the relationship, I took a running leap into it. He seemed like my guide into a bigger, braver world. He'd lit firecrackers in the streets of Paris with striking firemen. He'd drunk grog ladled from a hole in the ground in Budapest. He'd spent a night outside in Athens, being stalked by wild dogs. And when he told me he cried while watching elephants play drums in Thailand, I knew he must be sensitive, too.

Two months after our first kiss, we flew from San Francisco to New York City for a three-week summer vacation. In the beginning, it seemed like I'd landed a starring role in my own romantic comedy. We spent hours lying on the grass in Central Park, deciding which countries we'd live in. After dining on pasta one night, we stepped outside into a July downpour. We ran through the rain holding hands and took shelter under a doorway. While we waited for the rain to pass, I slipped out of my bra. Maybe I thought it made me seem sexy and adventurous. I think I just wanted my skin as close to his as possible.

In the following months and years, the romantic-comedy glow faded and doubts grew. Still, we moved in together, and although there was never a date attached, we planned on getting married. Our apartment life was comfortable, but small. We spent more time snuggled up on our boat of a couch than we spent out in the world. And while there was no place that I would have rather been, I could sense him drifting away.

"How much do you love me?" I asked one afternoon, trying to be cute, but also fishing shamelessly for reassurance. Dan was sitting at our kitchen table, as I stood in front of him with my hands in the air, measuring out our love. "Do you love me this much?" I asked, and stretched my arms wide. Dan looked at me, his big blue eyes sad and serious. He put his hands in the air, shoulderwidth apart, like he was holding a heavy box. He looked tired. "I'm not sure I love you enough." he said.

My arms dropped to my sides, and I gasped for air. I felt naked and dumb, standing in front of him crying. He opened his arms wider. I gave in and sat on his lap. In that moment, I had nowhere else to go.

Thanks to my job as an editor at a travel magazine, I was soon able to take the tearful show that accompanied the collapse of our relationship on the road.

Shortly after our kitchen-table conversa-



ALISON GEORGE

tion in July, Dan and I agreed on a monthlong separation, and I took off for Copenhagen. There, I cried over a plate of salmon and a pack of cigarettes to my press escort, Signe—a gap-toothed Dane who had been a squatter in the 1980s. "Give it more time," she said. "Don't push so hard."

Signe had a proven ability to commit to a punk manifesto and poop in a bucket, so I was inclined to take her advice seriously. When Dan moved back in at the end of the month, I was a new, laid-back girlfriend, totally cool with however much, or little, he loved me. Unfortunately, this often sounded more like desperate pleas for Dan to stay and frantic backpedalling on my earlier desire to get engaged.

By November, we were measuring and weighing the size of our love again. Dan had other questions, too, like "How do you know it will work out in the future?" And I had my own refrain, "Why do you want to be with me now?"

The questions had become harder to answer, so later that month, I escaped to Istanbul. I stayed with a college friend, Bridget, and her Turkish fiancé, Talha, in their apartment overlooking the Bosporus. Bridget had moved to a foreign country so that she and Talha could be together. Dan and I couldn't even agree on a weeklong vacation. Things were not looking good. After I returned from Turkey, Dan kindly gave me two days to get over my jet lag, and then broke up with me.

After two months of sobbing in bars. bookstores, and subways in the Bay Area, I flew to Chile. Professionally, I was there to review a lodge in Patagonia. Personally, I hoped to unload my broken heart at the tip of South America. Andreas, a kind-looking older man in rumpled Dockers, picked me up at the airport. He introduced himself as "a student of English," but it seemed he had recently begun his lessons, and I spoke no Spanish, so we sat in silence. After about a half hour, Andreas put on a CD. The lyrics were sappy, but tears welled up in my eyes. Oh god, it was Phil Collins, I had traveled for 29 hours to the other end of the earth $\,$ for a cathartic experience, and I got Phil Collins. I stared out the passenger window, trying to hide the flow of tears and snot. By the time Phil sang, "And you coming back $to\ me\ is\ against\ all\ odds,\ and\ that \hbox{`s}\ what$ I've got to face," I was crying uncontrollably. Were all my vacations, as another poignant pop act, the Go-Go's, once sang, "meant to be spent alone"?

That summer, I scheduled what I hoped was the last stop on my Heartbreak Grand Tour, a yoga retreat in the beachside town of Tulum, Mexico. I didn't have a leisurely year to rediscover myself; I was down to seven final days to get over it. Deep stretching and long walks along the Caribbean Sea were not going to be enough. So when I heard about the day trip to a cenote, an underground pool that the Mayans once believed was an expressway to the underworld, I

signed up

On the day of the excursion, I followed our dreamily handsome guide, Josh, out of the sunlight, through an opening in the dusty ground, and down wooden steps stained black with mildew. A domed cave, dripping with stalactites that looked like massive cathedral candles, opened up before us. Josh pointed out a diving platform, jutting from the stairs. "If anyone wants to skip some steps, you can jump off here," he said. "Hell no." I muttered.

When we reached the bottom, I spied two giant inner tubes leaning against the wall and grabbed one before anyone else could take it.

As I bobbed in the mystical pool securely wrapped in my rubber tube's embrace, Josh explained that this cave was one chamber in a network of thousands of underground arteries. "When the skies were barren, the

Maya would offer a human sacrifice to Chak, the god of rain and fertility. Stripped naked, the sacrifice was painted blue, like a fallen piece of sky.

The High Priest would then cut out her beating, bloody heart and toss her body into the water," he said.

"Sounds like a bad breakup," I thought. After Josh's story, three women in our group climbed to the platform and, each with a joyous yelp, slid through the air and into the water. They all popped up radiating happiness.

Then a strange thing happened. I found myself paddling toward the water's edge, leaving the tube's supportive hug, and, most mystifying of all, climbing the stairs.

I walked out to the landing. The water below had an ethereal color, as if it was lit by a hidden flame. If I wanted to avoid getting bruised on impact, I couldn't jump. I had to simply step off. I'd like to say that beauty called to me, seduced me, and lured me over the edge. But when I looked down, all I could think was "That's a 45-foot drop. What the hell am I doing up here?"

At 35, I thought I'd be standing at an altar in front of my friends and family about to take the plunge into marriage, not standing in front of a group of strangers, my shaking legs silhouetted by two small floodlights. This jump that had seemed like a fun two-second ride had somehow turned into a big, meaningful moment.

I'd spent all this time being upset with Dan for not taking a leap of faith with me, but I was the one who was afraid of the unknown now. I knew what our life on our comfy couch looked like, but without him, the future was a big, black emptiness.

"Just let go," I repeated to myself. "Just let go. Maybe you are braver than you thought." In the last few months, I had danced in an underground blues club in Copenhagen while a singer named Reverend Shine Snake Oil shouted at me to sweat for him. I had hiked along a rocky, windswept shore to a gray glacier in Patagonia. I had laid my bare ass on a marble table in front of twenty-some strangers and let a round Turkish woman scrub me clean. Maybe I was the kind of person who could free-fall into a Mexican cenote. And with that last thought, my feet left the platform.

The air rushed by me, the water grabbed me, pulled me down, and then pushed me back up. I had stepped out into a dark abyss, and the worst thing that happened was my bathing suit went up my butt.

Maybe it was the adrenaline rush, but when we emerged from the cave and into the cloudless day, I felt lighter. Maybe the mantra that motivated me to walk into the air had helped me stop clinging to something that was no longer there. And maybe, for now, I was okay with traveling through the world on my own. ■











THURSDAYS 6-8 pm

Music / Art Activities / Tours / **Food & Drink**

SATURDAYS 10 am-3 pm

Yoga / Art Activities / Tours / Zumba

KICK OFF July 9 at 6 pm

Help us kick off summer season at the Olympic Sculpture Park July 9 at 6 pm! Take in the lively, West African-inspired performance of Gansango Music & Dance Company and the soulful sounds of D'Vonne Lewis' Limited Edition. Watch the tandem balancing acts of ARTYoga, create your own 3D sculptural narrative, tour the park with summer installation artist Dan Webb, and savor local wines and food truck fare with Taste, Raney Brothers BBQ, Bread & Circuses, and Picnic.

seattleartmuseum.org/summer



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TASTE Photos by Robert Wade

Programming at the Olympic Sculpture Park is generously supported by Maggie and Doug Walker, and Martha Wyckoff and Jerry Tone.



AN INTERNATIONAL VACATION IN SEATTLE

How to Experience Glimpses of Southern Europe, Asia, and Miami Beach— Without Ever Leaving the City Limits **By Charles Mudede**

uch of Seattle is, admittedly, just Seattle: street after street lined with Craftsman bungalow after Craftsman bungalow and boxy condo after boxy condo. Our city only gets inter-

esting when it goes tall or when it is seen from a distance. Once inside the city, many places look exactly the same. This is why trees are so important: Their leaves and trunks help to hide this monotony from us, make it bearable. A street without trees just kills the hope in you. It's not like Barcelona, where you have magical alleys with exposed but beautifully worn and constantly changing buildings. Here, we would be driven mad if the variation of arboreal shadows and shade did not play on the ho-hum beat of bungalows and boxes.

Nevertheless, there are a few places in Seattle that rupture this repetition. They are easy to find, usually : cover a very small area, and have about them the insubstantiality of a hologram.

The Experience: A southern European city The Seattle Equivalent: Post Alley

The only place in this city that really feels like a southern European city (Bologna, Madrid, Lisbon) is the stretch of Post Alley between Pike Street and the Harbor Steps. Even the light in this brick alley feels European. When you stand by the entry of the Alibi Room and look down at the stretch of cobblestones, it feels like part of a network of little roads in an old city.

Now recall that moment in the novel Remembrance of Things Past when Marcel (the narrator) describes the apse of the church at Combray and remarks that the only comparable thing to it he found was in a little street that he chanced upon in "some country town." "I came upon three alley-ways that converged, and facing them an old wall, rubbed, worn, crumbling, and unusually high; with windows pierced in it far overhead and the same asymmetrical $\,$ appearance as the apse of Combray." Whenever one enters this part of Post Alley, one feels like they may encounter this old wall with windows pierced in it and instinctively exclaim: "Proust's church!" The only bad thing about this alley is that disgusting bubble-gum wall.

The Experience: A capital in Africa, Asia, or South America

The Seattle Equivalent: The row of shops on the west side of Martin Luther King Jr. Way South at Othello Station

Anyone who has lived in a country that the World Bank classifies as underdeveloped or developing will instantly recognize the row of small businesses between 5 Star Laundry and Hoang Lan restaurant on Martin Luther King Jr. Way South. This

is not Seattle, a generally rich city whose citizens generally like to spend lots of money in pristine and cozy places. The businesses here are not pristine or cozy. They are often crammed with cheap goods, offer a wild variety of services, and are decorated



in a manner that can be fairly described as improvised.

These small shops have about them an informality that is so convincing that one suspects the chamber of commerce has no idea of their existence—they are completely under the radar. One of the businesses repairs the smashed screens of smartphones: another is able to generate what has to be a micro amount of business from the remaining VCRs around town; another sells carpets, halal meat, and espresso. All that's needed is for one of these shops to put speakers on the sidewalk and blast some vocoderheavy Global South pop and you will be right back in an African/Asian/South American capital, looking for an internet cafe.

The Experience: Miami Beach The Seattle Equivalent: Alki Beach

Seattle's version of Miami Beach is the half-mile stretch of beachfront on the north side of West Seattle. There are lots of "funky" little cafes and bars with outdoor seating for those who enjoy people-watching. Rollerblading is still popular here. Men and women (some even in spandex) glide up and down the path that runs along the beach. On certain days, you will find people playing the most un-Seattle of sports: beach volleyball. The players leap about, slap the ball, and fall into the sand. Sometimes one feels they are making too loud a show of how much they are enjoying this silly sport.

The architecture of the buildings in the area is not as flamboyant or colorful or festive as what you find in Miami Beach, but it is distinct from the rest of Seattle, with its beach cottages, bistros, and waterfront condos. There is, however, one building that transports you to Miami Beach: 1374 Alki Avenue. Unlike the other rather drabbish condos, it is an aqua blue with mouthwashgreen balconies. Here is the kind of place you can picture yourself wearing a racy swimsuit, doing a bit of blow, and baking your skin as you look out at the sea. ■



Draft EIS Learn + Comment

The Seattle Department of Transportation (SDOT) and the Office of the Waterfront have released the Alaskan Way, Promenade, and Overlook Walk Draft Environmental. Impact Statement (Draft EIS).

PUBLIC MEETING

Wednesday, July 22, 2015 4:30-7:30 PM

Seattle City Hall 600 Fourth Avenue Bertha Knight Landes Room

Free and open to all

SUBMIT COMMENTS JUNE 29 - AUGUST 12

Online: waterfrontseattle.org Email: deis@waterfrontseattle.org

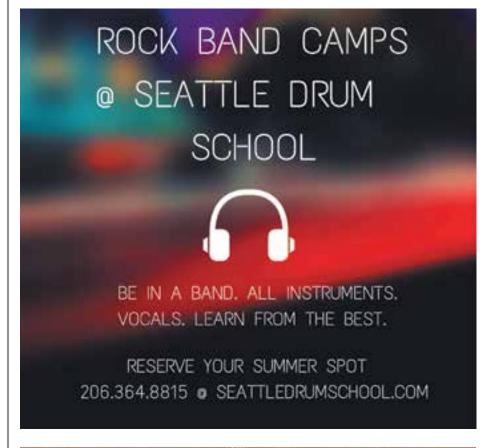
Public meeting: July 22

Mail: AWPOW - Draft EIS Comments Mark Mazzola, SBOT PO Box 34996 Seattle, WA 98124-4996

Read the Draft EIS and comment online:

waterfrontseattle.org

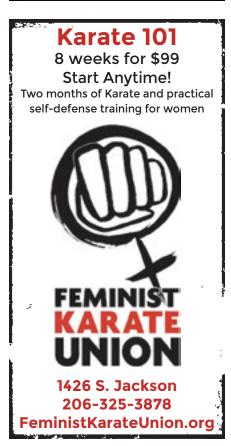
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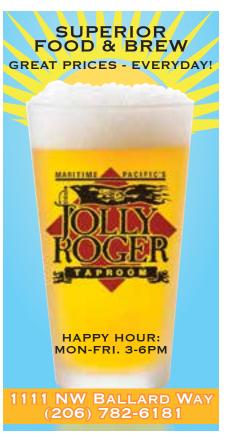












THE MEAN GIRLS OF SUMMER

What a Vacation in Italy Spent with My Friend's Two Daughters Taught Me About My Own Childless Status

By Matt Haber

n August 6, 1933, the New York Times ran a tiny item on page 59 headlined, "Mussolini Lays City Cornerstone." The story, in total, read: "Premier Mussolini today placed the cornerstone for the new city of Sabaudia, which will arise in the reclaimed Pontine Marshes. The city will be inaugurated April 21 next year with a capacity of 50,000 inhabitants."

History remembers Mussolini as a pretty bad guy, but he built a nice little beach town. About an hour and a half south of Rome, Sabaudia has miles of Mediterranean coast, a bustling open-air clothing market, and pizza and gelato shops aplenty. The beaches are full of glamorous, leathery sun worshippers, and the locals are friendly in that reflexive way all Italians seem to be. The light, particularly at magic hour, is incredible: a riot of oranges and purples straight out of a Turner painting. And while it's a little weird that the bald head of Il Duce himself peeks out from behind the Virgin Mary in the mosaic above the entrance to the town church, there are extraordinary views everywhere you look. No lesser an authority than Monocle editor Tyler Brûlé has likened it to Palm Springs

And yet, when I think back on the week I spent there last summer, it's with a tiny pang of terror: The bullies taunted me in Italian! They threw my hat in the bushes! Why are little girls so mean?

My path to summer in Sabaudia began in the dead of winter. I was living in New York then, and one of my oldest friends was in town with her family. Judy had expatriated to Italy shortly after college, married a warm and funny Italian guy, and raised her girls in the heart of Rome. I'd stayed with them many years ago while I was living in China and traveling through Turkey and Italy on my way to meet my parents in Croatia because, well, sometimes even the most boring person's life can be pretty amazing if he gets dumped by his girlfriend and quits his job. Try it sometime. I highly

but as a real-life adult trying to avoid interrogation by someone who probably still cries at the scary parts of The Wizard of Oz, I was sometimes less charmed.

Her sister, Michaela, was 6 and the clown, mugging and pulling out voices and personas inspired by Springfield's finest. I don't mean to brag, but I'm probably the funniest person anyone under 7 could hope to meet (a gift and a curse), so Michaela and I fell into a natural Abbott and Costello dynamic, if 6-year-old Italian kids had any idea who Abbott and Costello were.

A lot of the questions (from Sabrina) and jokes (by Michaela) were about whether or not I'd fall in love with their au pair and marry her. I imagine that in the pantheon of kid fantasies, having a family friend marry your beloved au pair is right up there with adopting a declawed kitten that sheds cotton candy. Now, as far as grown men's fantasies involving au pairs, the less said the better, but I did agree to join them in six months' time at the beach. It was really none of my business if the au pair came, but I'm a pretty accommodating guy when I want to be.

Day 1: There was no au pair. Apparently, three little girls (Michaela and Sabrina invited a friend) don't really need a minder when the funniest person anyone under 7 could hope to meet joins them on vacation. I took this fact in stride and reminded myself I was there to enjoy a Mediterranean holiday. There was some gentle mocking of me in Italian during the car ride over, but I was sleeping with my mouth wide open and snoring, so I guess I was asking for it. The kids



THE GIRLS They learned their taunts from The Simpsons.

recommend it.

To be honest, all that globe-trotting wasn't really me. In the seven years since that period of extended solo travel, I've been so sedentary that Ikea could name a line of sofa cushions after me. But seeing Judy and her girls that winter, I was charmed, and when her husband, Alessio, invited me to join them on their family vacation to the beach in July, I was intrigued.

Both of Judy's girls had honed their English watching DVDs of The Simpsons. Not only did they love impersonating characters (Dr. Nick was a particular favorite, his catchphrase "Hi, everybody!" repeated frequently to bouts of giggles), but they seemed to get the show's essence, its balancing act of warmheartedness and cynicism.

Sabrina, the older kid, was 8. She had a sly intelligence and asked me questions, usually about why I didn't have a wife or kids. As a reporter, I respected her doggedness,

I always thought I liked kids and they liked me, but at my darkest moments, I thought that these kids actually wanted to see harm done to me.

were well behaved, and the countryside was beautiful en route to Sabaudia. We got there with plenty of time to swim in the pool, walk around, and enjoy a simple, delicious dinner made by Alessio. The trip was off to a wonderful start. Who needs an au pair, anyway?

Day 2: Michaela developed a new impersonation. She put on my hat and minced about, doing a kind of monkey face

with crossed eyes. Her sister and their little friend found it hilarious. I did, too, until I realized she was doing me. Being an accommodating guy and the funniest person anyone under 7 could hope to meet, I laughed along with them. I guess I did look like kind of a moron in that hat. I mean, it was my dad's hat, but still, to a kid it was probably pretty

Day 3: Judy and Alessio went for an early-morning walk on the beach that lasted until after breakfast. I got the girls up, fed them cereal, and sat them in front of cartoons for a few hours before realizing that far from meeting (and marrying) their au pair, I was their au pair this week. This was the day I started to notice strange things happening: My book disappeared. My hat wound up in the bushes. Then there were the dares to do dangerous things like ride the slide into the pool backward. My refusal was met with sharp giggles. As beautiful as Sabaudia was, things were getting ugly.

Day 4: More and more, I was realizing that I'd been cast in the Richard Pryor role in an Italian remake of The Toy. I was literally there to amuse these kids. They'd been scolded for hiding my book and tossing my hat in the bushes, but my hazing continued in small ways. Faced with this asymmetrical aggression, I did what grown men have done for centuries to avoid interacting with kids: passive-aggressively nap for longer and longer stretches. Far from feeling like the funniest person anyone under 7 could hope to meet, I started to wonder if the joke was on me all these years. I always thought I $\,$ liked kids and they liked me, but at my darkest moments, confronted with the thought of sliding backward down a slide, I thought that these kids actually wanted to see harm done to me. Far from wondering how I'd managed to get nearly to 40 without starting a family of my own, I started to think I'd dodged some serious bullets: Kids hate me—and what if the feeling was sometimes mutual?

Day 5: The girls were told to be nice. Suddenly, it was like a real vacation: We went to the beach and played in the surf. Judy treated us to ice cream, and every moment was full of as much joy as Mussolini and Tyler Brûlé could imagine.

Day 6: As we headed back to Rome, relations had normalized. There were a lot more jokes from *The Simpsons* and a lot fewer at my expense. At one point, Michaela even donned my hat in earnest-without even bothering to ape my simian facial expressions. It was almost like she started to admire me.

Day 7: We had one last day together in the city, and I can't say how, but I managed $\,$ to become the funniest person anyone under 7 could hope to meet again. Or at least I felt that way. Far away from Mussolini's favorite beach town, my dynamic with Sabrina and Michaela returned to one of playfulness and shared Simpsons admiration. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to have an adorable, mischievous kid or two—especially when they're impersonating Disco Stu? (Besides, if things got too rough, you could always get an au pair.) Over dinner, Judy and Alessio invited me to join them and the girls in Sabaudia again this summer. I told them I'd

Early the next morning, Alessio drove me to the airport. Judy and the girls were still asleep, but I left my hat for the kids to play with. Besides, I figured it would be one less thing to pack if I decide to come back.

A TOTALLY NON-COMPREHENSIVE BUT SEMI-USEFUL GUIDE TO WILD WAVES

How to Survive Two Hours at the Water Park By Rich Smith

f you think that Wild Waves is basically just an aquatic version of a carnie fair, filled with loose-screwed Twirly-Gigs and Vomitorium Octopuses and populated by the kind of people who have lower-back tattoos of the Batman logo and give zero fucks about "designated smoking areas," then you'd be right. But for a Midwest transplant like me, that's a welcome and familiar taste of the old dirt. Moreover! Wild Waves is one of the few semi-dangerous experiences you can

Wild Waves Theme Park

36201 Enchanted Pkwy S, Federal Way, 253-661-8000, wildwaves.com still have in the greater Seattle area. That's worth something.

I decided to check out the water park on a recent Monday. I arrived at 3:30 p.m..

which was two and a half hours before closing. Wait times are probably longer on weekends and in July and August. Also, I didn't ride all the rides. I couldn't do Hooks Lagoon because it was for children and I would be arrested. I didn't have time for the Raging River Ride, which looked jammed up anyway. Nor did I do Zooma Falls (aka "Big Red Slide") or Riptide, both of which were out of commission at the time.

ENTRY/EXIT TO PARK

Wait Time: Mild nightmare.
Security Level: Some police.

Obstacles: Waddling clumps of people blinded by their humongous, hard-won stuffed animals.

Joys: Watching teens smoke weed as they sit on tailgates.

Deep Sadnesses: Hidden fees. You can buy tickets online for \$14.99, but really it costs \$50: \$10 for parking; \$14 to rent the smallest locker (fits a small backpack), which includes a \$5 deposit that you only get back if, by the end of the day, you return both the key and the flimsy paper wristband a young person will be kind enough to put on for you; and, finally, \$14 to rent a white inner tube that you need in order to ride the big slides.



THE LINE TO THE DEW At the end of this ride, you will feel a deep sadness.

If you don't want to pay for that tube, you have to wait in line for a slide-specific inner tube before you wait in line for the slide. This largely unsupervised customer-to-customer tube-exchange process adds maybe 5 to 10 minutes of wait time, depending on how alert you are. For the Do the Dew slide, a young girl who was really pushing the 42-inch-minimum ride height approached me, carrying an inner tube much larger than she was, and lisped through the gap in her front teeth, "Do you need a thingle tube, thir?" I did. Thus, I did the Dew.

THE MOUNTAIN DEW SLIDE COMPLEX

Wait Time: 20–30 minutes.
Security Level: Walkie-talkie-wielding, smilev lifeguards.

Obstacles: Screams echoing from the mouth of the orange flume. Unidentifiable pop music blaring from hidden speakers. Picking a slide: lime-colored slide versus lemon-colored slide versus orange-colored slide. Lime is uncovered, very fast. Lemon

trades speed for torque and is covered.

Orange is a compromise between the two.

People leaned lemon.

Joys: The fastness of the lime-colored slide. The feeling of your chest hollowing out and your stomach leaping into it.

Deep Sadnesses: The slowdown area at the end, which makes you feel as if you've been caught having fun by the lifeguard waiting there. As if you were a sheep. A sheep of fun. A soaking-wet fun-sheep pooped out of the glee tube like the rest of 'em.

ACTIVITY POOL

Wait Time: 0 minutes.

Security Level: Young, vocal lifeguards. **Obstacles:** All activities that are not the drop slide."

Joys: The drop slide, a huge fake rock with two water-slicked chutes jutting out of the center of a large pool. The slide features an approximately three-foot drop to the water. Also great: overhearing boys talking about performing sweet slide moves (e.g., "360s off the drop").

Deep Sadnesses: Unclear rules regarding which fake rocks are okay to jump off of and which will garner yells and whistles and thumbs-downs from lifeguards.

KONGA SLIDES

Wait Time: 15 minutes.

Security Level: One guard, four slides.
Obstacles: Cold water dripping down from slides above you. Other people bumping into you with their cold inner tubes as they try to dodge drippage.

Joys: Plunging into the darkness of the purple slide. Little bullet holes of light shooting in from the rivet holes. Feeling like you're zooming through that one Korn video. Losing all sense of direction and gravity and time.

Deep Sadnesses: Tall stairs leading up to the top afford only a view of the traffic you'll be sitting in when you leave the park.

WAVE POOL

Wait Time: 0 minutes.

Security Level: DEFCON 2. Lifeguards are older-looking and hawkish, with whistles poised in their mouths. Plus, a scattering of moms.

Obstacles: Drowning. Elbows. Legs. Joys: People jokingly booty-dancing to Kylie Minogue's pulsating 2001 hit "Can't Get You Out of My Head." Dads tossing kids at other kids. Lifeguards exchanging lots of thumbs-ups. Just treading water in crystalline liquid, being caught up in the slosh of a regulated wave.

Deep Sadnesses: Stray wristbands floating by. The realization that people won't get their locker deposits back.

FOOD CHOICES

Wait Time: 5–10 minutes. Security Level: Mob rule. Obstacles: Other people.

Joys: Witnessing a group of four girls devour an elephant ear in less than 10 seconds, and then watching the leader toss the paper plate in the trash while still chewing. Beer garden.

Deep Sadnesses: Advertisements for chocolate milk in 90-degree heat.

I wasn't at Wilds Waves to have fun. I was there to inspect fun. But I ended up having a lot of it anyway, and so did many of the people I saw there. The signs said "No Running," but the kids were running everywhere. Preteens were on the lam. Teens were having clandestine, full-on make-out seshes in the shade of the ring-toss tent. Ice cream was being eaten in places where ice cream has never been eaten before. One did not feel overseen. ■





Tacoma Housing Authority will be accepting applications for the

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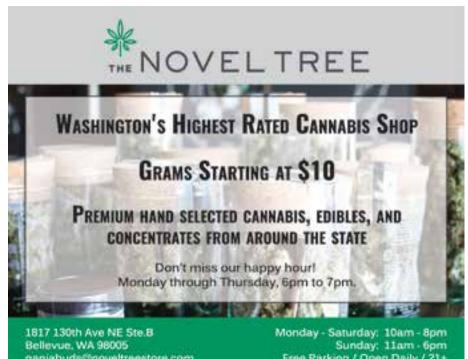
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LAKE WASHINGTON The mother of all swimming experiences in Seattle.

VHHKF SEATTI F?

Everywhere—Even If You Have to Shower After By Jen Graves

henever people ask me where I swim in Seattle, I tell them I go to the edge of the land and get in-everywhere. It's not like Los Angeles or Chicago, where the beaches are obvious. You need a guide to figure out where to go. But I'm convinced there is more water here than anywhere else in the world. I have so much to tell you.

This city has two public outdoor pools, eight public indoor pools, three lakes, and Puget Sound.

The Pools (Outdoor)

Our outdoor pools are open only in summer, so a year's worth of pent-up desire is visited upon them, and they get crowded. It's still worth the \$5.25 to share a slice of temporary civic heaven. (Prices for all public pools, indoor and outdoor, are \$5.25 for people ages 18 to 64.)

The heavenliest is Colman (8603 Fauntleroy Way SW) in West Seattle, which I'd enter into a competition for best public pool in America. It sits between a forest and a sweep of Puget Sound, with only a footpath dividing the pool from the actual beach where fishers catch salmon, and you face rich green islands and the leisurely passing of ferries. You walk through the forested Lincoln Park to get to the pool.

Colman is a full 50 meters long and eight lanes wide for hardcore lap swimmers, but it also makes a great splashing rec zone.

with a high dive, a low dive, and a 50-foot spiral tube slide. The water itself, uniquely, is pumped directly from the Sound, filtered, and heated to 85 salty degrees. (You float better in salt—you'll see.)

The bathhouse is made of light, sandy brick reminiscent of 1940s glamour. It was built by the third generation of Colmans to live in Seattle. The family built the pool for the city, and it was dedicated on July 4, 1941. (Do I sound besotted with Colman Pool? I did get married there. I did. It rents for \$130 per hour.)

The other outdoor pool is Pop Mounger (2535 32nd Ave W) in Magnolia. It's not as big—25 yards—but it's also heated (to 85 degrees) and has a slide. Plus, it has a warmwater pool of 94 degrees for the super-little ones, and the place has that Magnolia feel. on a sunny day a little like a California soapopera set.

The Pools (Indoor)

It's summer and you really ought to be out of doors. But I've swam in all but two of the city's eight public pools, and I can tell you that in general they're clean, well-lit, friendly chlorination stations.

Two-year-old Rainier Beach (8825 Rainier Ave S) is the Cadillac of them all, and this place will sell out. Don't get there late. It has a 25-yard lap pool, a warm-water pool, a lazy river (you lie there and the artificial tide sweeps you along in a loop), a hot tub, a sauna, and something called a "water spray"—an indoor fountain where buckets of warm water

dump on your head and there is squealing.

Ballard (1471 NW 67th St) and Southwest (2801 SW Thistle St) pools have hot tubs. All indoor pools besides Ballard have saunas. I like the high, skylit ceilings of **Medgar Evers** (500 23rd Ave) in the Central District, the times when they unleash the wild rope swing at Ballard, and the airiness and chill atmosphere at Helene Madison (13401 Meridian Ave N) in North Seattle, where at the entrance there's a black-and-white photograph of Helene herself, the winningest athlete at the 1932 Olympics with three gold medals (an honor also achieved by an Italian man that same year). She died in 1970 in Seattle.

Of all Seattle pools, Queen Anne (1920 First Ave W) wins the prize for the greatest number of signs giving specific details about the lap-swimming rules. Make of that what vou will.

The Lakes and the Sound

Let me just say this: Lake Union and Green Lake are not pristine. At Green Lake, the danger is blue-green algae blooms. They're visible—what the Washington State Department of Health describes as the scum that "often looks like green paint floating on the water" (but they can also be "bluish, brownish, or reddish green"). Don't swim in scum, folks.

Swimming in Lake Union, you are a little creature in a vast city environment. The water feels a little oily, it's true. (Shower after.) Motorboats are allowed in Lake Union, and while you're swimming, you'll cruise by neighborhoods of houseboats and gaze up at hydroplanes landing. The nice new pocket park next to MOHAI (Museum of History & Industry, 860 Terry Ave N), at the northern tip of Amazonland, is a popular place to jump in.

Green Lake is unmotorized and leisurely. The most you'll have to contend with is a gaggle of stand-up paddlers. A main beach has a lifeguard and a dock—when you see a guarded beach, it means the floor of the lake is maintained and the seaweed cut back—but there are also perfectly civilized, unsanctioned (but entirely public) little beaches along the banks, within the larger park of Green Lake. The distance across the lake, east to west, is about a half mile.

And now for Lake Washington, the mother of all swimming experiences in Seattle.

Lake Washington is stupendous. It's huge and perfectly cold and both wild and right

Continued on page 23 ▶









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the north end of the city, in the center of the city, or in the south. If you have never been swimming in Lake Washington and you know how to swim, then you have never been to Seattle and have no excuse for that.

Your northern stops are Matthews Beach (5100 NE 93rd St) and Magnuson Park $(7400\; Sand\; Point\; Way\; NE).$ Matthews has a lawn for picnics and geese with good self-esteem. Magnuson has outlaw areas, where you probably shouldn't be swinging on that rope tied to that tree, and areas where you can lie out on a dock or float inside a roped-off area without any worry about authorities or rogue boats. (In all Seattle waters, motorboats must stay 300 feet away from a swimming beach, nonmotorized boats 75 feet.)

In the center of the city, moving southward, there's Madison Park (4201 E Madison St), Denny Blaine (200 Lake Washington Blvd E), and "The Nude Beach." Madison is crowded. It used to be gayer. Denny Blaine has gotten nuder and gayer; it's semi-both. "The Nude Beach" is slightly south of Denny Blaine and it's a little more secluded and definitely nude. It's sausagev but friendly. At any of these places, you can set out and swim a good half mile in either direction along the coast. Or you can just splash around in the shallow area. The border between shallow and deep comes with a wall of kelpish stuff. Just keep swimming. It's a thin wall, and you get right by it to clear (plant-free, albeit lake-ishly greenbrown-murky-colored) stretches of water.

Continue going south and you've got Madrona (853 Lake Washington Blvd), where on the south edge, the T-docks are a scenester's paradise. This is where to wear your new and awesome suit. Then, on the way down to Seward Park and in the park itself, there are beaches where families of all colors and creeds barbecue and camp out for the day. These—like Magnuson, Matthews. Madison, and Green Lake—have restrooms and are some of the most traditional lakelike beaches in Seattle. Denny Blaine and the nude beach are a little wilder.

Finally, there's Puget Sound. The most obvious places to dunk into the Sound are \mathbf{Alki} in West Seattle (1702 Alki Ave SW) and Golden Gardens in Ballard (8498 Seaview Pl NW), where you've got wide, unobstructed views of the Olympic Mountains and the whole experience feels epic. You will see sailboats bobbing. Oh, is that a jellyfish? Yes. Oh, is it really this cold? Yes. According to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the temperature of the Puget Sound water around Seattle ranges from about 49 to about 56 degrees from April to August.

There are places I'm not telling you about. You will have to find them yourself. Anywhere there's public land terminating at the edge of water, you can basically get in around here.

One morning, I rode my bike down to my favorite secret location, on the Sound. I got in the water and swam for a minute. Jellyfishes typically hang out there, but this time I only saw schools of little fish beneath me, and I swam out and back feeling like I owned the place. I was alone. When I finished, I turned around to look back out at the Olympics. In the place I'd just been, not 20 feet out, two seals sat still and looked me right in the eye. It's your house! I admitted quietly, thanking them and getting on my

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HOW TO SWIM IN A LAKE IF YOU ARE AFRAID OF OPEN WATER

Advice from Someone Who Is Afraid of Slimy Things By Kathleen Richards

efore a few weeks ago, I had not swam in a lake in maybe 20 years. Granted, I had not lived in the Pacific Northwest, where lakes are abundant. I lived in Oakland, a place where the nearest bodies of water are freezing and/or polluted. It's not that I don't like swimming—it's that I had little desire for skin, ear, respiratory, eye, neurologic, and gastrointestinal infections. Also, I'm not a very strong swimmer.

Then I met my boyfriend on OkCupid. He listed "lake swimming" as one of the activities he couldn't live without. That sounded like fun, though mildly terrifying. Fast-forward several months: I've now gone swimming four times in three lakes. Each time has required several minutes of gentle coaxing on the part of my very patient boyfriend, but the fact that I've done it at all is proof that it is possible for someone—even someone as risk-averse as me—to step out into the cold deep. Here are some helpful tips:

1. Get water shoes

These cost maybe \$5 and they will prevent your feet from having to navigate any gross slimy areas or rocky terrain. Although they make actual swimming slightly awkward, they are worth it.

2. Bring a floaty thing

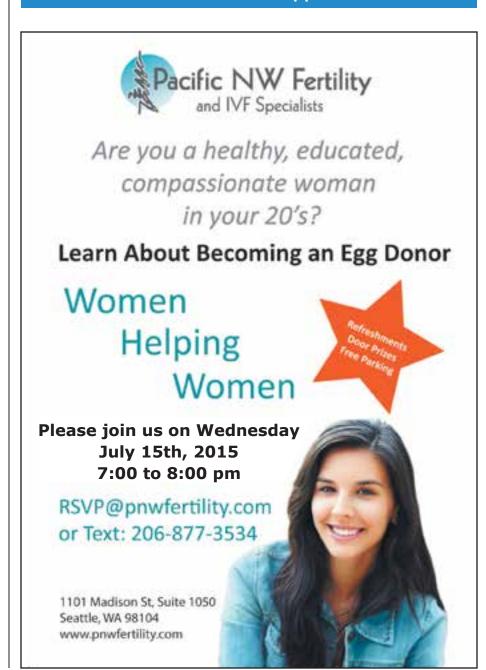
Initially, I thought a floaty thing would look ridiculous in a body of water that wasn't a pool, but now I realize that this strategy is pure genius. You can swim farther out (beyond the seaweed) and be assured that you won't drown in front of your boyfriend. For this item, I recommend you spend a bit more than \$5, because these things get holes easily.

3. Go to Lake Sammamish

It's slightly warmer and less crowded than Lake Washington—although both lakes are many degrees warmer than the ocean (and nearby glacial lakes).

4. Don't look at the water

Focus on the beauty around you and not the murky, unknown depths below you. And remember: THIS IS FUN. Even if you stay in the water for only half an hour, you will be so proud of yourself at the end of the day. If not for the fun, do it for your ego. ■



THE SUMMER I GOT DRUGGED-MAYBE

The Lesson I Learned Wasn't the One I Expected By Brendan Kiley

his is a story about the summer I got drugged in North Africa. Every time I tell it, I hate it a little more—for reasons that, I hope, will become clear. In fact, this may be the last time I tell it.

One summer afternoon several years ago, when the heat was so heavy, you could feel its weight on your shoulders, I was sitting outside at a table in a medium-sized town in the Rif Mountains drinking a cloudy tumbler of atay, a sweet green tea made with spearmint leaves that is popular throughout the Maghreb.

I don't remember exactly what I was $\,$ doing at the moment, but likely candidates include writing bad poetry (just to prove I'm being honest with you, here's an embarrassing stanza I recently found in my notebooks from the day in question: "Light quietly escapes from the mountains / 3 peaks torn by hooves, water, and god / bright whiteyellow—slides from the surface / flood without depth") or nursing a juvenile fantasy about meeting a smart and ad $venturous\ young\ lady\ one\ starlit$ night when it was too hot to sleep indoors and we both found

The Rif was still a wild place then—for my naive, barelyout-of-adolescence self, anyway.

ourselves sitting on a rooftop

beneath the stars.

The indigenous Berbers, also known as the Amazigh, had been fighting off various armies and empires (from Romans to Arabs) for generations. At that time, a few years before 9/11, the region had only barely come under the taxation and census authority of King Hassan II. The long, bumpy bus ride that had brought me here passed steep hillsides covered with marijuana plants and opium poppies. The fields were guarded by bored-looking teenage boys who stood by the side of the road, leaning against trucks in the blazing sun and limply holding assault rifles. Those kids were the only people in the area with guns, as far as I could tell. I hadn't seen a cop or a soldier for days.

I was young and dumb, and had no idea what I was doing, but I'd come to Morocco for what felt like decent intentions. I'd spent the past year living as an illegal immigrant in Manresa, a fading textile town about an hour north of Barcelona, where I got an under-the-table apartment and under-thetable work as an English tutor. I lived in the cheap, crumbling section of town—my girlfriend and I boiled water on the stove to take baths and ate dinner by candlelight when we couldn't afford the electricity bill. But it was gorgeously picturesque in a cobblestones-and-feral-cats kind of way, and largely populated by North African immigrants who commuted around the region to build condos and office buildings for Catalans, many of who loathed the newcomers. The anti-immigrant rhetoric at the time was nauseatingly familiar: According to some of my students, the moros were lazy, smelled funny, and reproduced at a frantic rate to spite the taxpayers of their host

country. Those newcomers also happened to be my neighbors, friendly faces at the local markets and the corner bar where the clientele drank a little beer but mostly smoked cigarettes laced with a sweet, crumbly, lightbrown hash. Like many of them, I was also undocumented-but, because I was a white American, I didn't have to worry. When anyone popped through the front door to say the police were coming down the street, and half the room bolted for the back exit, my

job—as hastily explained by the barman, Adil, the first time it happened—was to sit tight, smile, and let my face lend the joint some legitimacy in the eyes of the cops, who, as predicted, never once asked to see my passport.

After a few months of living on the periphery of that racial tension, I decided to go south and

When I woke up, it was dark, my skull ached, and my mouth felt like a lint trap.

> see where my neighbors had come from. I saved enough money for a few aimless weeks and took an overnight ferry across the Mediterranean.

An afternoon glass of tea in whatever town square I happened to find myself in became part of my solo routine. On that summer day in the Rif, there was drumming and singing coming from a nearby casbah—the guy at the cafe said it was a wedding. As I sat, five or six voungish men materialized and crowded into the chairs around me. By this point,

I was used to this line of questioning: What was my language? Where was I from? What did I want? I lied, as usual, speaking a mix of Catalan and Spanish. (Back in Manresa, Adil said that if I ever got to Morocco, I should adopt a non-American identity. The only tourists who had it worse than the yanquis, according to him, were the Japanese and the Germans—in that order.)

They smelled my bullshit. "I used to work near Barcelona," one of the older guys said and smiled. "You don't look Catalan. You don't sound Catalan."

I shrugged, thinking about an exit strategy, when a wasp stung my left bicep. At least it felt like a wasp. When I yelped and looked over, the guy to my left held up a cigarette and grinned. Apparently, he'd burned me. He didn't look that sorry about it.

Things seemed to be taking a turn for the ugly, so I gulped down the rest of my tea with what I hoped looked like calm confidence, said I had to go, and groped around in my pockets for money to leave on the table. Then it happened: an unpleasant tingling at the ends of my fingers and toes. I stood up. My legs were rubbery. My vision was getting smeary. The men looked at me expectantly. My first thought was the tea—the guy on my left had burned me so



A drawing during my days of paranoia.

another could slip something into my cloudy drink. Or something.

I ran.

Their shouts seemed to follow me for a few seconds, but I didn't look back. Up until that point, I'd never once made it to my cheap guesthouse—which was embedded in a web of tiny, twisting, centuries-old streets—without getting at least a little lost. Not that day. I ran without thinking and did not take a single wrong turn.

I banged through the front door, up the stairs, and into my teeny room, bolted the door, whipped off my belt, and looped it around one of the bedposts and the handle to the door, which opened outward, buckling it tight. I didn't really suspect the portly stoner who ran the hostel—and who, just that morning, had insisted I sit next to him and explain

the lyrics to "Hotel California"—was in on this sudden crisis. But I wasn't taking any chances.

When I woke up, it was dark, my skull ached, and my mouth felt like a lint trap. I hid in my room until dawn and took the first bus out of town. I didn't even consider telling anyone what had happened.

I kept heading south, to a bigger city, but quickly slid into full-time paranoia—every glance from a stranger felt like a threat, every interaction was fraught with panic. I was afraid of everyone and everything and spent more time than I'd like to admit squatting on sidewalks within a quick sprint of wherever I was staying, too ashamed to spend the day hiding in my room but too scared to actually go out into the world. I began collecting scraps of newsprint, pebbles, and other street trash as souvenirs. When I first got to North Africa, I was a magnet for hustlers and touts—now everybody pretty much left me alone. I'm guessing they could see I was not well. I abandoned the trip and bought a multiday bus ticket back to the coast.

The few people I forced myself to interact with were indescribably kind, offering me food, water, and assistance in a pitying kind

of way. I think they also could see that I was severely jangled. The long-haul bus driver-a middle-aged man with kind eyes and a droopy mustache—insisted that I sit right behind him for the ride back north and would shoo away anyone he thought might be trying to bother me. I got back to Spain, checked into the first hostel I found, went to the bar on the corner, ate more sandwiches than I thought was possible to consume in one sitting, drank a few glasses of wine, and retreated to my room for a long, long sleep.

That's the story as I remember it, and as I tell it. But I've come to hate it because I don't like the way it sounds: Young white naïf goes to wild place, is targeted by scheming locals with some terrible intentrobbery, ransom, rapeand escapes courtesy of his quick wits and derring-do? That could've happened. I can't prove it, and it sounds like a self-centered and shitty Hollywood version of events, but it felt like what was happening at the time. Here's the other possibility: Young white naïf goes to unfamiliar place, feels overwhelmed by foreignness, is accidentally burned

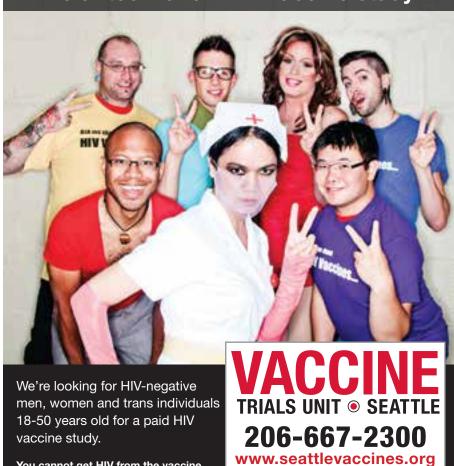
by a cigarette, then flees the country.

Both versions of the story are patheticeither way, I panicked—but I'm grateful it happened. I could've larked around North Africa for a few more weeks, visiting castles and gawking at donkeys and writing bad poetry. But it wasn't until the crisis that I really noticed where I was and who surrounded me: the sad-looking cop on the corner in Meknes, the old lady who offered me an orange, the protective bus driver. Those stories aren't as exciting to tell at parties, but in retrospect I realize I only really started paying attention to the world when I was humbled and reduced—forced, for the first time in my life, to actually rely on the kindness of strangers.

Maybe that's the story I'll tell from now

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HOW TO GET LOST ON THE RUGGED OLYMPIC COAST

Bring a Tide Chart but Leave Your Cell Phone at Home By Angela Garbes



KELL

eattleites spend summer nights obsessively gazing west, watching as the sun works its way through a glowing, neon-colored sky to dip below the jagged edges of the Olympic Mountains. Well beyond those mountains is another world, Washington's Olympic Coast.

Give yourself at least six hours to get there. It's a rugged landscape of cliffs, headlands, and islands, dominated by the cold, crashing waves of the Pacific. Towering about the ocean are many sea stacks—columns of rock that have been eroded by years of relentless wind and waves into defiant, pointy crags. They serve as a reminder that while destruction is natural, so is resistance.

Most of the beaches are accessible only by foot. Trails are often shrouded by a thick canopy of Sitka spruce and flanked by fallen, decaying trees that provide an ecosystem for a community of fungi, slugs, and ferns. It seems like a miracle that there's any path to the beach at all.

There are a number of ways to experience the coast. If you're staying at a hotel nearby, take a day hike and spend an afternoon exploring tide pools: Wander amid rocks covered with orange and purple starfish, their limbs draped amorously over each other, or squishy aqua-green anemones that shrivel at the slightest touch.

Or bring a tent and spend the night on the beach—just be sure to make camp above the high-water line or you may find your shelter flooded in the middle of the night.

But the best way to experience the Olympic Coast is by backpacking, carrying only the few things you need—bear canisters, yes; cell phones, no—and spending a few nights amid the driftwood and sand. Explore hidden coves and vast stretches of land. You'll test your balance on slippery rocks, climb steep cliffs, and take in epic sea views. Bald eagles, deer, whales, otters, and seals will keep you company.

No matter how many times you visit an Olympic beach, it will never be the same. If the constant waves alter the coast imperceptibly over time, a Pacific storm and a high tide can rearrange the landscape overnight. (On that note, be sure to bring a tide chart.)

Some headlands can only be rounded at low tide, while others can't be bypassed at all, requiring you to scramble up sandy cliffs on ropes. And while some of these cliffs can be treacherous, traversing them is far safer than the alternative.

A few years ago, having missed a marker for such an overpass while hiking south from Shi Shi Beach, I tried rounding a point by hopping between tide pools on slippery kelp and razor-sharp mussel-covered rocks. The water got deeper faster than I expected, the rocks much bigger and harder to walk over. Several hard falls, one of which I still carry with me as a scar on my right knee, left me bleeding and cursing. I looked back at shore, spotted a trail marker, and realized that I had lost my way.

Then I looked straight down into a deep, frothy tide pool to see a massive Pacific octopus, its orange tentacles and body drifting effortlessly with each powerful swell. I'm not sure how long I stood there watching it, but sometimes I feel forever lost in that moment.

No matter where you go on the coast, you'll be on what was once or still is tribal land. A trip to Shi Shi requires two permits: one from the Makah Nation and one from Olympic National Park. Farther south, you'll be in the Ozette or Quileute reservations. Everywhere, the presence of people who have made this land their home for thousands of years can be felt.

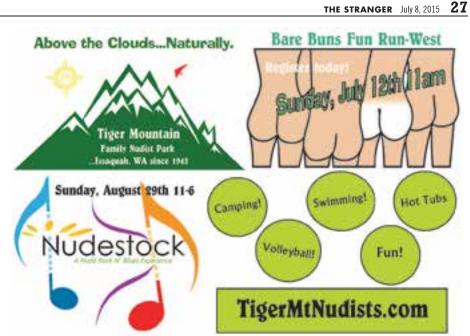
At the coast by Lake Ozette, you can hike to Wedding Rocks, where centuries ago Makah people etched renderings of people, animals, and, before any contact with European settlers, boats seen offshore. After hundreds of years, the petroglyphs remain unmarked and unprotected.

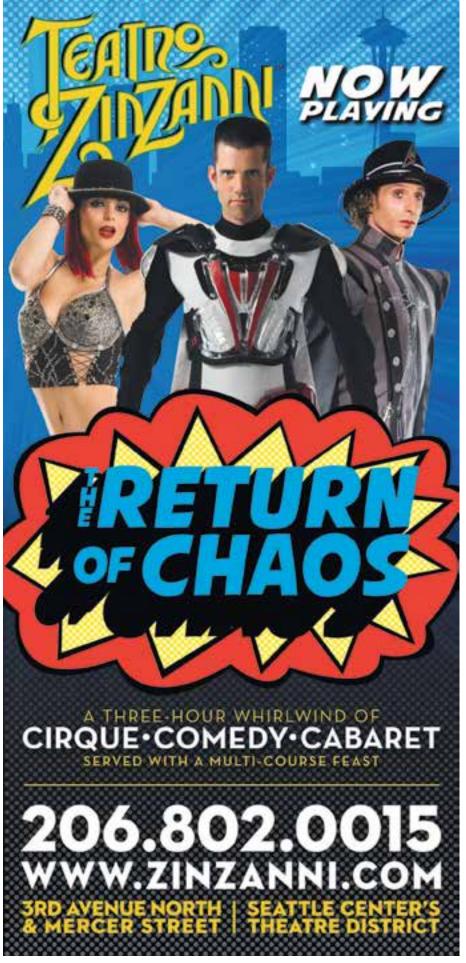
Later, at your campsite, gather firewood along the beach—cedar gives off a sweet smell when it burns. You might fall asleep to the strange, haunting sound of a colony of sea lions barking several miles offshore.

In the morning, you can take a piece of charcoal from your campfire and use it to draw your own words or pictures on the rocks and fallen logs. Then make your way back to the city knowing that by the time you get home, the elements may have already washed them away.











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 Heels to the Hardwood
 1:00-2:00 pm

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 The Maldives
 7:30-9:00 pm

 Young Evils
 6:00-7:00 pm

 Lonesome Shack
 4:30-5:30 pm

 Tubaluba
 3:00-4:00 pm

 Hillstomp
 1:30-2:30 pm

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SUMMER THINGS

See The Stranger's online THINGS TO DO calendar for a comprehensive guide to everything happening in and around Seattle this summer: thestranger.com/events

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an "adults area," more commonly known as a BEER GARDEN. HEY,

shopping, an area for pets, and

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Seattle Center Armory, free, noon

Ballard SeafoodFest began in 1974

and has evolved from a neighbor-hood fishing-industry-themed cel-

ebration to a larger event with live

music and all the regular street-fair stuff. The lineup includes Pickwick, Moondoggies, the Maldives, and

taste buds to smoked sheep's milk

Evergreen State Fairgrounds,

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cutout art) workshops.

Ballard SeafoodFest

Lonesome Shack.

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.....

THROUGH AUG 16

* Seafair

Seafair is basically a months-long festival, which includes the Blue Angels air show, hydroplane races, pirates, and all kinds of partying on Lake Washington.

THROUGH AUG 19

★ ZooTunesZooTunes brings a lineup of talent to Woodland Park Zoo's bucolic north meadow. Here's the lineup: Indigo Girls on July 12, Blondie and Melissa Etheridge on July 21, Bruce Hornsby & the Noisemakers on July 22, Mavis Staples, Patty Griffin & Amy Helm on July 26, Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell on July 29, Ziggy Marley on August 9, Trampled by Turtles & The Devil Makes Three on August 16, Kenny Loggins on August 19. Woodland Park Zoo

Wine Rocks Seattle

Wine and rock music at this yearly event with 40-plus wineries, brewe ies, and food trucks on the Seattle

Elliott Hall, Pier 66, \$45, 6 pm

JULY 9-18

★ Tacoma Pride Festival

The 2015 Tacoma Pride Festival includes everything from drag shows and film screenings to the family-friendly Out in the Park street festival that is the official Pride celebration of the city. Various locations, Tacoma

JULY 9-SEPT 4

Out to Lunch Concert Series

Out to Lunch's concert series features a diverse lineup of local talent playing free, all-ages, lunchtime shows at a variety of plazas and parks around downtov Various locations, free

JULY 10

★ Debacle Fest 2015

The first of the two-night celebra tion of unconventional musical talent features 16 acts covering much ground. Portland's Daniel Menche, Meridian Arc, Mamiffer, LA Lungs, Ecstatic Cosmic Union, and Kaori Suzuki & Jon Carr: As always with Debacle events, it's the names you don't recognize who sometimes make the deepest impression, so it behooves you to be at your most adventurous.

Columbia City Theater, \$15 for one day/\$20 for two days, 8 pm

.IIII Y IN-12

Chinook Fest Summit

Chinook Fest has booked some very solid talent this year, including rising soul man Allen Stone and emotive indie rockers Barcelona

it at Snoqualmie Pass, \$45-\$225

Myth & Magic Faire

A whimsical three-day festival with the first two days allotted for adults and the closing event open to all ages. Day one: a drive-in-themed 30th anniversary screening of the 1985 Tim Curry flick *Legend*. Day two: an entertainment-filled banguet with Medieval-style food and an ungodly amount of drink AND (or) a fairy tale ball. Day three: a family-friendly festival inspired by FMP Museum

Festival

Featuring two days of free performances in one park across three stages by eight local theater companies! Productions include Hamlet, The Tempest, Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet, The Epic of Gilgamesh As You Like It To Be or Not TV, The Lost Folio, and many more.

★ Seattle Outdoor Theater

Volunteer Park, free

JULY 16-18

★ Substrata 1.5

Rafael Anton Irisarri's eclectic and excellent experimental/electro fest returns for its fifth year, packed with talent like Rachel Grime bvdub, Panabrite, and more!

Chapel Performance Space, \$45-\$100

JULY 16-19

★ Pemberton Music Festival A music festival for our friends up north, featuring a metric ass-load of talent, including Kendrick Lamar, the Black Keys, J. Cole, Tiesto, Hozier, Weezer, De La Soul, and Missy Elliott. Pemberton Valley, Pemberton, BC,

JULY 17-18

Basin Summer Sounds

f you find yourself in or near Ephrata (and why wouldn't you?) at this time of year, check out Basin Summer Sounds, with Doctorfunk, Austin Jenckes, and others rocking the lawn outside the courthouse Grant County Courthouse, Ephrata

★ Shipwreck Music Festival

Local and national bands take over Anacortes for two days of music, plus a town-wide rummage sale that encourages you to "explore the mys-tery of Anacortes." Anacortes Music Channel,

JULY 17-19

Anacortes, \$40

★ 28th Annual Seafair Indian

Days PowwowAn intertribal gathering of song, dance, and culture for Native peoples of North America. Powwows are open to the public.

Daybreak Star Center, \$5, 4 pm

Kirkland Uncorked Kirkland's summer food and wine festival features both a 21+ tasting garden and an all-ages street fair.

Marina Park, Kirkland

Vancouver Folk Music Festival

Celebrate the ever-broadening scope of modern folk music at Vancouver's Jericho Beach Park with acts from the slow-burn blues of Taj Mahal to the bright and springy bluegrass of Trampled by Turtles and everything Jericho Beach Park, Vancouver, BC,

Winthrop Rhythm & Blues Festival

Winthrop's the place to be for all your rhythm & blues needs: a full three days of music with on-site camping, beer gardens, food, and SHOWERS.

Blues Ranch, Winthrop, \$90/\$100

JULY 18

th Annual Cornbread Ball

Slim's sixth annual Cornbread Ball features a whole heap of deep-fried greasy goodness, musically and otherwise, from the likes of the Disco Cowboys, Hard Money Saints, Shakey Blankets, and more! Slim's Last Chance Chili Shack and Watering Hole, \$10, noon

JULY 18-19

Project Pabst

Disregard all the Pabst-branded unicorn memorabilia on their web-site and you'll find that there's a startling amount of wattage to this festival, including perennial also-rans Weezer, absolutely vital rap duo Run the Jewels, and the immortally cool Blondie

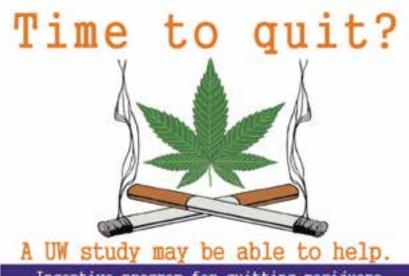
Zidell Yards, Portland, \$40 for one day/\$75 for both

Rock the Shores

The best bit of the Rock the Shores website claims that their layout "has been optimized to allow for maximum grass space." Finally, a festival that gets it! Be sure to catch internationally loved acts like the Black Keys, TV on the Radio, and more on all that sweet, sweet open grass. West Shore Parks & Recreation. Colwood, BC, \$84.50-\$149.50



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POSTSEASON SCHEDULE

Playoffs, Round 2 (Games 5-12) Sunday, July 12 Maple Wood 1 & 2 (Tier Dos) 12p 1:30p 3p 4:30p Dahl 2 & 3 (Tier Uno) 12p 1:30p 3p 4:30p

Semis & Final (Games 13–14 or 13–15) **Sunday**, **July 19** Dahl 2 & 3 (Tier Dos) 12p 1:30p 3p

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Cascadia NW Arts & Music Festival

The family-friendly arts and music festival (formerly called Photosynthesis) gives attendees an opportunity to take in electronic and live music, dance, art, workshops and more with the forest as a backdrop. Music by Futurewife, Wesley Holmes, Willdabeast, Kozmo, and

many more.

Masonic Family Campground, Granite Falls, \$100-\$400

JIIIY 24-25

West Seattle Rock Party

West Seattle institution Skylark hosts two days of the West Seattle Rock Party, with bands like Suction, Mind Vice. Crawler, and more taking the

stage. Skylark Cafe & Club, \$10, 7 pm

.IIII Y 24-26

★ Capitol Hill Block Party
Celebrate the existential crisis that is modern-day Capitol Hill with three days of food, drinks, and WOO (music). This year's lineup is look ing pretty special, from renaissance techno technician Jamie xx, to art-rock superheroes TV on the Radio, to chiming indie courtesy of Girlpool. Various locations, \$50 for single day/\$90 for two days/\$125 for three

Hello Kitty's Supercute Friendship Festival

The gueen of kawaii, the crown princess of cute, Hello Kitty and all her friends take over ShoWare Center for THREE, WHOLE, DAYS, ShoWare Center, Kent, \$20-\$200

Moosefest

It's a *Northern Exposure* fan festival in Roslyn, Washington, which is where at least some (all?) of the show was shot. Trivia, tours, dinners, and special guest Rob Morrov Various locations, Roslyn, \$175

Northwest World Reggae Festival

Insert tired reggae jokes here. No, but really: If you like reggae you (hopefully) already know about this massive, three-day festival along Thomas Creek-this year, "celebrating His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie's 123rd Earthday." Thomas Creek, Scio. OR, \$75

JULY 25

Roosevelt Bull Moose Festival

A jam-packed day-long festival featuring a pancake breakfast, dog contest, fire trucks, moose call contest, a pub crawl, and a whole heck of a lot more

Roosevelt Way NE & NE 68th St, free

JIII Y 25-26

★ Not Block Party
The bluntly titled Not Block Party presents an alternative to the Capitol Hill insanity, with a well-curated lineup of underground talent. Lo-Fi Performance Gallery

JULY 30-AUG 2

Rockin' River Music Festival Even the Canadians need their fix of country sometimes, and for that, there's the Rockin' River.

Merritt Festival Grounds, Merritt, BC

JULY 31-AUG 2

PickathonDon't be misled: Pickathon is not solely the bluegrass-oriented festival it once was. Though there's still plenty of that good ol' Americana coursing through the veins. Pickathon now draws a wide range of artists to Happy Valley for three days of sunshine and tunes. Pendarvis Farm, Happy Valley, OR, \$150-\$270

AUG 1

Art of the CityWith live music, staged and impromptu performances, live painting, and street art.

Tashiro Kaplan Artist Lofts, 11 am

Dirty Face Music & Arts Fest There will be music. There will be art booths. There will be beer. There will

be camping. All in the very scenic Thousand Trails resort. Thousand Trails Resort, Plain, \$20,

AUG 6-8 ★ Pizza Fest VI

Pizza Fest triples in size, for three

days of greasy punk, metal, and rock in the new Funhouse and at Chop Suey for day two.

Various locations, \$30 for a three day pass, 9 pm

AUG 6-9

SUGGESTS

★ Summer Meltdown

Darrington, never one to be left out of the festivities, hosts its own massive summer festival, which this year includes Tycho, Greensky Bluegrass, and a lot more.

Whitehorse Mountain Amphitheater, Darrington, \$75-\$165

AUG 6-10

Doe Bay Fest

Doe Bay's surprisingly eclectic festival presents the opportunity to bask in the tranquility of the island resort while also "getting groovy" to the likes of Polyrhythmics and Lee Fields. Doe Bay Resort, Orcas Island, \$135

AUG 7

11th Annual South Lake Union **Block Party**

South Lake Union throws itself a party, featuring diverse musical pleasures by the likes of Tomo Nakayama and the Polyrhythmics.

South Lake Union Discovery Center,

free, 11 am

AUG 7-8

Kirkland Summerfest

Kirkland does summer proper, with, and we quote: "art, music, food,

Downtown Kirkland, free, 4 pm

AUG 7-9

Salmonfest Seattle

It's a street fair and salmon bake up

Lake City Community Center

★ Squamish Valley Music Festival

It takes a valley to hold all the talent rounded up for this festival: Acts include A\$AP Rocky, Drake, Sam Smith, Sharon Jones, and so. Much.

Squamish Valley, BC, \$149-\$1299

AUG 7-10

★ Shambhala Music Festival

North America's longest-running electronic music festival (going all the way back to the halcyon year of 1998), Shambhala plays host to farflung talent like Bonobo and Skrillex this year.

Salmo River Ranch, BC, \$295-\$365

AUG 14-15

★ Stopover Festival
Walla Walla's answer to Sasquatch!,
Stopover Festival ain't hurting for the big names this year, featuring acts such as the Flaming Lips, umford & Sons, and the Foo Fighters.

Whitman College, Walla Walla, \$199

AUG 14-16

★ Columbia City Blues Festival

Columbia City blues/jazz stronghold the Royal Room is celebrating its third annual blues festival. This year, the focus will be on the legacy of Willie Dixon, plus tributes to recently deceased icons Johnny Winter and B.B. King.

The Royal Room

★ Helsing Junction Farm and K Records Annual Sleepover

This is a three-day music festival featuring 30 different K Records acts, independent films, homemade organic food, swimming in the river, and two nights of camping in the orchard and fallow fields.

Helsing Junction Farm, Rochester

★ Hempfest

Seattle's edition of the largest pot-culture shindig in America has live music, marijuana raining down from the sky, edibles, wonderful stoned strolling, incredible people-watching, and more.

Myrtle Edwards Park, free

★ Highlarious Comedy Festival

It's a known fact that everything is funnier on weed. So what could be more hilarious than three days of stand-up comedy, with a lineup packed fuller than the biggest bowl you've ever taken straight to your dome? Comedians include Loren Kraut, Mike Carrozza, Hans Kim, Jeremy Eli, Kristen Lundberg, and so

Seattle Center Armory, \$10 and up

AUG 15

ARTS CHOW

★ VanFest Five

VanFest is now celebrating its fifth birthday, with a vanful of Northwest talent like Naomi Punk, Gifted Gab. Fauna Shade, Lures, and more for an all-day party in Maple Valley's Royal Arch Park

MUSIC FILM

Royal Arch Park, Maple Valley, \$20/\$10 for students, noon

AUG 16

Othello Park International Music & Arts Festival

Sure there's music art dancing art activity, booths, and all that, but I think the real selling point here is the camel that apparently is going to be there.

Othello Park

AUG 21-23

★ Gigantic Bicycle Festival
First you ride your bike (for 77 miles, by the way) and then you're done nd you get to hang out and listen to music. You also can just drive.

Park on Saturday morning and fol-low an established route. Centennial Fields Park, Snoqualmie, \$30

Cyclists take off from Magnuson

★ MusicfestNW

Portland proves it can hang with the big boys, fest-wise, with Musicfest. Acts this year include heavies like Modest Mouse, Belle and Sebastian, and Beirut.

Tom McCall Waterfront Park,

Portland, \$60-\$140

AUG 22

★ Summit Block Party

It's happening! The Summit Block Party triumphantly returns for a fourth year with a whole bunch of excellent local talent. Summit Ave at E Olive, noon

AUG 22-23

Arts in Nature Festival

And by "nature," they mean a large park in West Seattle, but still: It's an opportunity to see live music and performance set against a green backdrop. With four performance stages, hiking trails, and art installations Camp Long

Roslyn Art Festival

During the weekend festival, artisan/ art booths will be open in the Roslyn Warehouse. A new component of the festival is a juried show culminating in a Saturday-night wine tasting and award reception in a downtown Roslyn location.

Various locations, Roslyn

AUG 29

★ Punk Rock Flea Market
Organizers promise 90 vendors selling a variety of arts and crafts, books, clothing, jewelry, records, knickknacks, and more, plus food and DJ-spun tunes. The event is allages and dog-friendly, and proceeds benefit the Low Income Housing Institute, which builds homes for homeless and low-income people in the Puget Sound area. The Punk Rock Post Office, \$1

★ Tumbleweed Music Festival

Here's what's on offer at the Tumbleweed Music Festival: "nearly 100 acts... traditional and contemporary folk, folk/rock, blues, bluegrass, nautical, Celtic, classical, jazz, folkorico, traditional old-time music and dance... and music and storytelling for kids." Whew.
Howard Amon Park, Richland, free/

events by admission

SEPT 5

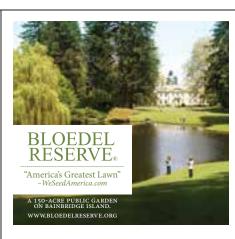
5th Annual Art Walk Rainie **Beach Festival**

Head down to Rainier Beach for a little music, food, and fun from the Rainier Beach Merchant Association. Frisbee design contest? Yes. Rainier Beach

SEPT 5-7

* Bumbershoot

With the Weeknd, Chance the Rapper, Cake, Flying Lotus, Fitz & the Tantrums (Saturday), Faith No More, Zedd, Social Distortion, Brand New, Flosstradamus, the Melvins, Neko Case (Sunday), Ellie Goulding, Hozier, Bassnectar, Ben Harper & the Innocent Criminals (Monday), and many more. Seattle Center, \$79-\$700







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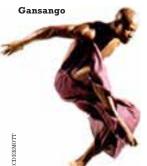
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'Isolation Tank' - ART/FOOD

Gary Hill: video art star recognized around the world. Cyclops: lounge and cafe in stone's-throw proximity to Hill's studio in Belltown. For a short time this summer, you can see Hill's Isolation Tank, a 2010–2011 computer-generated video depicting a surfboard marooned at sea, projected prominently on the restaurant's back wall—the wall across from the velvet paintings. Order a liquored-up milkshake and take Hill's trippy helicopter ride through an ocean wave. It's like "the rug is pulled out from your mind," the artist says. (Cyclops Cafe & Lounge, 2421 First Ave, cyclopsseattle.com, 11 am-10 pm) JEN GRAVES



SAM Summer Kickoff



Summer officially starts at SAM's free and open-to-the-public Olympic Sculpture Park tonight. We're talking Gansango West African dance (6 p.m.), D'Vonne Lewis's jazz group (6:30-8 p.m.), Seattle artists Tariqa Waters and Dan Webb making stuff and giving tours (6-8 p.m.), a couple of yogi-acrobatics doing their East-meets-circus thing (6:30-7:30 p.m.), food trucks parked outside, wine in the cafe (though the whole event is all ages), and probably the most beautiful sunset you're going to find anywhere anytime soon (predicted to happen at precisely 9:07 p.m.). (Olympic Sculpture Park, 2901 Western Ave, seattleartmuseum.org, 6 pm, free, all ages) JEN GRAVES

Seattle Storm - SPORTS

You can keep your Seahawks and Sounders. The mighty Seattle Storm have long been Seattle's brightest beacon for sports-lovers-who-aren't-sportspeople, and our only pro basketball source since the Sonics were stolen. Though all-time queen Lauren Jackson is missing her third straight season (labor disputes, injuries but she will be back), tonight's game against the

Phoenix Mercury (psssshhh) still affords you the opportunity to see the $indisputably\ legendary\ Sue\ Bird\ in$ the flesh. The 2015 season is off to a rough start (3–7), but hope storms eternal. (KeyArena, 305 Harrison St, keyarena.com, 7 pm, \$10-\$85) SEAN NELSON

Debacle Fest - MUSIC

Debacle's eighth annual experimental-music festival crams 16 West Coast sonic adventurers into the first of its two nights. Lovers of spiritual drone improvisations will cotton to horse-farming guitarist God and Vanilla and to Olympia's LA Lungs. Other notables include sublimely somber folk-metal duo Mamiffer (who'll be joined by noise epicure Daniel Menche); subtly dissonant, sculptural guitarist Pink Void; master manipulator of sine waves Don Haugen; and Kaori Suzuki & Jon Carr, two of Seattle's brainiest and most ingenious analog-synth sorcerers. From the gentlest murmurs to the harshest noise torrents, Debacle Fest has you covered. (Columbia City Theater, 4916 Rainier Ave S, columbiacitytheater.com, 7 pm, \$15 one day/\$20 weekend pass, 21+, July 10-11) DAVE SEGAL

West Seattle Summer Fest



I know, I know, West Seattle is basically

Alaska, and you don't want to haul yourself all the way out there. But Summer Fest will make the trek worth it if you happen to be a fan of music, pets, games, sunshine, art, beer, shopping, sustainability, food, or fun. A roster of excellent local bands including La Luz, the Cave Singers, and Wimps play the festive

outdoor stage. You can also shop at the street market, feast on fried food, learn about solar-powered cars (!), watch clowns terrorize small children, or just kick back in the beer garden. There will apparently even be a giant Jenga! Why aren't you there already? (California Ave SW and SW Alaska St, wsjunction.org/summerfest, 10 am-6 pm, all ages, July 10–12) KATIE ALLISON

Preserving Tomatoes & Making Pickles - FOOD/CLASS



Before canning, pickling, and fermenting were trends, they were simply things people did to preserve food and make it taste better. Luckily, local cookbook author, urban gardener, and all-around interesting person Amy Pennington understands this. For Pennington, local and seasonal doesn't mean precious and fetishized, it just means skilled, unfussy cooking. In this class, Pennington will teach you how to properly can summer's prized tomatoes for winter meals and how to make refrigerated and fermented pickles. Learn from one of Seattle's most knowledgeable and down-to-

earth food lovers. (Book Larder, 4252 Fremont Ave N, booklarder.com, 10 am, \$65) ANGELA GARBES

'Cartel Land'

At times, it's a little difficult to believe that Cartel Land is, in fact, a documentary. The cinematography is so crisp and gorgeous, and the level of access filmmaker Matthew Heineman got to narcos (and anti-narco vigilantes) in Mexico verges on the improbable. There are scenes of meth-making in the forest, chaotic firefights in the street, and vigilante interrogation palaces in Mexico where neither the narcos nor the police seem to have much influence—because, as the film implicitly argues, the drug war is good business for both narcos and cops, effectively making them partners. But when citizen vigilantes step in on both sides of the border, with no stronger oversight than the honor system, things can get ugly. Cartel Land is a drugwar documentary like no other. (Sundance Cinemas, 4500 Ninth Ave NE, sundancecinemas.com, \$12.50, 21+) BRENDAN KILEY

TUE

Nuala O'Connor - LECTURE



If you watched Citizenfour and now reach for a blanket when you open your laptop, then it behooves you to learn how our privacy will be infringed upon as we slowly and inevitably become cyborgs. As the first chief privacy officer at the Department of Homeland Security, Nuala O'Connor is a good source. She garnered respect from a number of privacy advocates, including the ACLU, for doing the best she could to implement privacy

policies to protect citizens from companies and their government. Go ask how much They know. (Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave, townhallseattle.org, 7:30 pm, \$5) RICH SMITH

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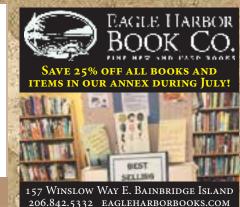
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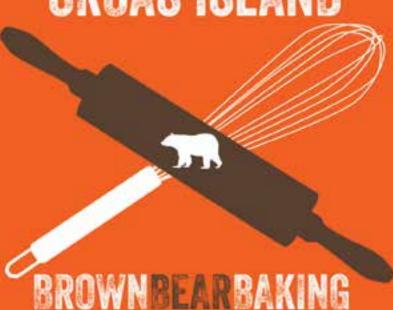
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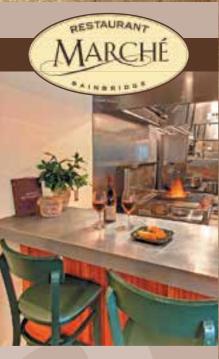
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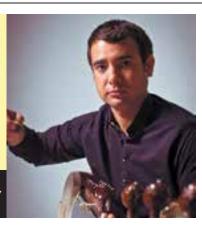
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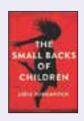




ROBIN MCLEAN & DEVIN BECKER Reptile House & Shame / Shame

"Robin McLean's stories probe the underbelly of human behavior revealing the darker motivations behind the chilling interactions she breathes to life.'- Peter Connor. "Shame is a brilliant debut collection. Raw, intimate, and elliptical in its metaphysics"- David St. James.

Robin McLean & Devin Becker read Friday, July 10 at 7 p.m.



LIDIA YUKNAVITCH The Small Backs of Children

"All my youth I gloried in the wild, exulting, rollercoaster prose and questing narratives of Henry Miller, Charles Bukowski, and Jack Kerouac, but cringed at the misogyny; couldn't we have the former without the latter? We can, because: Lidia Yuknavitch. Buckle your seat belts; it's gonna be a wild feminist ride.'

Lidia Yuknavitch reads Tuesday, July 14 at 7 p.m.

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ART & PERFORMANCE



BREAK IT DOWN Dan Webb poses with various stages of tree.

The Tree Is Just a Context

See Sculptor Dan Webb Reduce a Douglas Fir to Sawdust Before Your Very Eyes in *Break It Down* BY JEN GRAVES

he sun is shining, and Dan Webb is talking about Christmas and death. "Doesn't it smell like Christmas?" the Seattle artist asks. It does smell like Christmas, because there's a Douglas fir lying at his feet, cut down not four hours ago.

We're on the porch of a wood shack in the middle of the grounds of the Olympic Sculpture Park on the waterfront. It's a hot and silly-beautiful Seattle summer afternoon.

"This tree is really green," Webb continues, not looking up, mindlessly wielding the knife in his sapblackened hands to cut apart the tree and strip it of its needles. "It's still bleeding, and its blood

smells really delicious."

Soon he will slice his finger, and keep talking and working on the porch while his own blood drips from him.

Webb will be out on that porch all summer. He's there, carving and talking to people, at the invitation of Seattle Art Museum, which

First, Webb built the shack. Then he cut down the tree. He'll carve all its big-enough limbs into sculptures—they'll be small, because the tree was young, planted when the park opened in 2007. But as he "finishes" each sculpture, he'll keep whittling away to create smaller and smaller shapes, accumulating a mounting pile of sawdust and a disappearing collection of objects. The sawdust will be folded into mulch for the park, the shack will be torn down, and Webb will walk away, all

the conversations carried away in the wind.

It's all a project called Break It Down, the first performance Dan Webb has ever done. He's a well-known sculptor whose wood carvings are as impressive as the ancient marble sculptures that have survived history. But his works are made of once-living stuff whose deaths he's deferring. After 20 years at this, Webb has plenty to say. Anybody can stop by and talk to him at the park, and many people do. Here's an edited version of the wide-wan-

dering conversation I—we—had with him last week.

Dan Webb: **Break It Down** Olympic Sculpture Park Through Aug 31

Don't let me interrupt. [Man with dog is leaving.]

I'm really wondering if I'm going to get anything done out here.

People want to chat. Which is fine, actually. This is a project where the tree is really just context for the life around it.

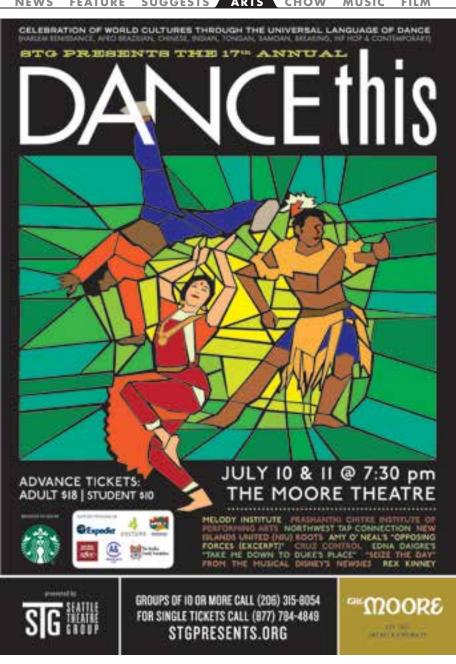
Seeing this tree lying here makes me look at all the other trees in view differently, and there are a lot of other trees in view. Why did this one come down? Is it a Douglas fir?

It's a Doug fir. It was shading out the other trees. So Bobby McCullough, the gardener for the park, needed it taken down so others could grow. It's really tough to grow to maturity as a tree, actually. They tend to shade each other out and kill each other.

That over there is a native species of oak. and I didn't even know there was a native \blacktriangleright

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THE STRANGER July 8, 2015 37





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looking at this [Mark] di Suvero over here, which is partly made of wood. [Bunyon's Chess, 1965.] This project also references Robert Smithson and Gordon Matta-Clark, and the difference between the two. A couple years ago, I was an artist in residence in Ohio and I went and saw Smithson's Partially Buried Woodshed at Kent State, and it was beautiful, but I was aware of Matta-Clark's comment about land art being, for him, like landscape painting. People are taken out there are no people. It looks like a Donald

"There's something distasteful about marketing your own tragedy, so I want to make things where people get more than my story."

Judd buried in the ground. Smithson was about entropy and things falling apart, but it's very abstract. Conversely, Matta-Clark lived in New York while the city was in bankruptcy, started a restaurant in a shitty neighborhood in SoHo, and really chose to see entropy in political human cost terms.

I was interested in seeing if this [Break]It Down] could be a bridge between the two. Smithson is so canonized, so lionized, but the guy I prefer, the guy I think about, is Matta-Clark. I like the human element.

[As if on cue, a woman and her father walk up. She and I speak to Dan, and she translates to her father in French. Seagulls caw. The woman and her father leave.]

Is this your first performance?

Yes. It's in the spirit of carpentry. A team sport. When I was doing carpentry, other people on the job would say, "You can't really only do this," and I would say, "Well, yes, I do this other thing." It was interesting to see who wanted to have a conversation about art.

[As if on cue again, two older women walk up.

Woman 1: What are you carving?

I don't quite know yet. I'll just keep going until it's a giant pile of sawdust.

Woman 1: I love it. I love your honesty. And that's what I read this would be. [She plucks up a pinecone and narrates a children's story about a mouse.1

Woman 2: We live around here. We'll come back. It's sad to see things [blowing motion with hand to mouth] going.

[Exit women.]

The last time you made something and kept going until it was sawdust, it was a head you carved into a skull and then into nothing, and it was after your brother died of a brain tumor.

Yep. I don't talk about my story that much, though. I think it's more powerful if it's their story—if they have seen that process, the process of somebody dying. And if you don't know about it, you will. It certainly informs my work. There's not a day that goes by, it's crazy, when I don't think about that process or that stuff, and other people who have died, and the relationships along the way.

My brother's breath got ratchety at the end, and I'm listening to these trains... [Points behind him at the train tracks] It reminds me. I'm listening to this chest hum, and I'm surprised. There is no, like, forget-

There's all these years when people come up to you and ask, "How you doing?" and it's like, how do I say this? How do I tell you? You hope it comes out in the work, but there's something distasteful about marketing your own tragedy, so I want to make things where people get more than my story.

How do you do that?

I don't know. I really don't know. I try to make it matter to me, and I try to make it readable. There are a lot of ways to make something mysterious, or make it hard to read. A lot of artists can say, "I don't want to tie myself to a single reading," and I don't want that either, but even if you're the Ramones and you're making it as bloody simple as you can, what is "Beat on the Brat" about? I mean, who is the brat? I think there's an allergy to being direct that I don't necessar-

So back to this tree here. After you strip it down, then what?

I'll put the detritus and needles under the shack. I'm going to mulch the seeds that come out with this dried-up material. Then there's going to be a lot of super-repetitive stuff of just making a tree disappear, and people are going to see just how slow and notflashy carving is.

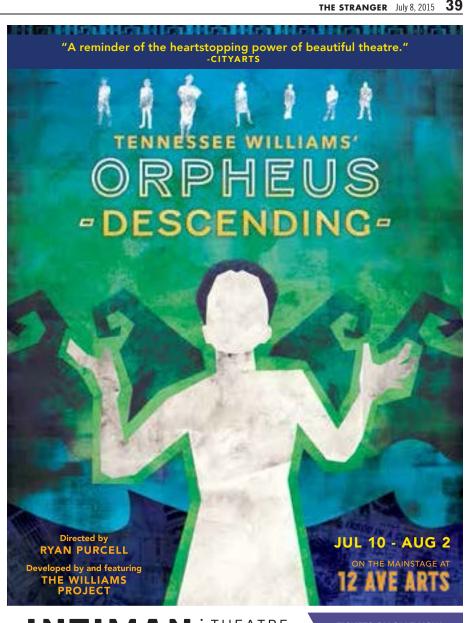
I'm going to make things a little rougher than I usually do because of the tight time schedule, but that'll be good. I usually make, like, five things a year, but this entire tree has to disappear in two months.

I swear a barbecue just wafted by.

Those food truck folks over there are going to serve dinner. Now this is a picture. [Gets his phone, holds it over his bleeding finger.]

Are you bleeding? Are you posting that to

Nah, it's already... See, the sap gets in it and stops it bleeding. See?



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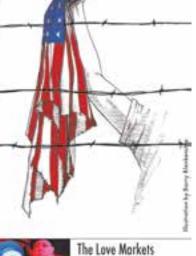
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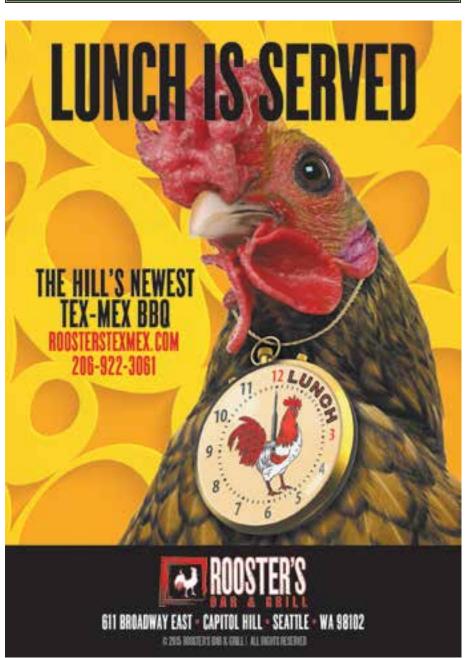
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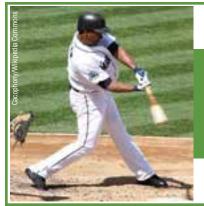
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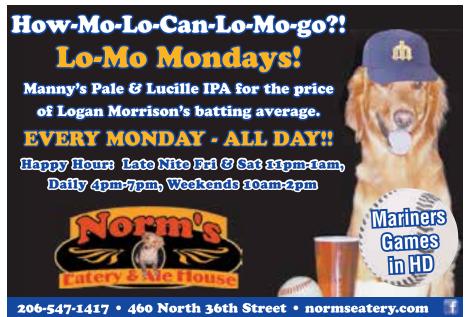


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PARCHED EARTH Siri Erickson-Brown, of Local Roots Farm in Duvall, says all the groundwater has already evaporated.

How Is Washington's Drought Affecting Local Farms?

Growing Food in Dry, Hot Conditions Requires Adaptability and a Lot of Drip Tape BY ANGELA GARBES

verybody in Seattle knows that summer doesn't typically start until after the Fourth of July. It's when, after months of rain (the infamous "Juneuary"), the clouds finally part

and the temperatures rise. But not this year.

Nobody knows this better than local farmers. While people have been jumping in lakes and exuberantly eating strawberries and cherries weeks earlier than usual, farmerswhether they're located in the Snoqualmie Valley, in Island County, or on the Olympic Peninsula—have been wrangling hundreds of thousands of feet of drip irrigation tape (thin, perforated hoses that run along the base of the crop rows) under relentlessly sunny skies.

"This is the hottest, driest spring ever as in the least amount of rainfall and highest temperatures for May and June," says Jason Salvo, who, along with Siri Erickson-Brown, farms 16 acres of vegetables on their farm, Local Roots, in Duvall. The farm supplies Seattleites with produce through weekly CSA (community supported agriculture) boxes, farmers markets, and restaurants such as Altura, Blind Pig Bistro, Spinasse, Marjorie, Westward, and the Whale Wins.

"Plants just don't perform as expected when they're stressed by both heat and lack of water," says Erickson-Brown. "When it gets really, really hot, tomato blossoms drop.

So they won't set fruit because they're like, 'It's a stressful world, I can't make fruit!"

Plants at Willowood Farm, a 15-acre vegetable farm on Whidbey Island, also can't take the heat. "Right now," says farmer and owner Georgie Smith, "we're picking shelling peas and fava beans. And we have 30 percent less yield than we should have gotten, because they both dropped flowers when it was hot."

"I also grow a ton of garlic, and my garlic has suffered," adds Smith. "Along with the dry weather, I got a rust infestation." Rust, a fungal infection that can be lethal to plants, flourishes during lengthy dry periods and significantly reduced Smith's garlic crop.

"Everyone is feeling the effects of the drought," says Kia Armstrong, sales and promotion manager at Nash's Organic Produce, a 75-acre farm that raises vegetables, grains, seeds, chickens, and pigs near Sequim on the Olympic Peninsula. "This is uncharted territory and extremely severe. Many farms run on river systems, and the rivers are at August levels-or lower."

According to Armstrong, the Dungeness River that Nash's depends on is at a record low. "Usually the Dungeness flows at around 600 cubic feet per second this time of year, but now it's running at around 125 cubic feet per second. And there is literally no snowpack."

From the dry fields at Local Roots Farm, which sits in the Snoqualmie River Valley, in the shadows of the Cascade Mountains. you can see that there is little to no snow on the mountaintops. Typically, the snowpack acts like a frozen reservoir, melting slowly throughout the spring and summer to supply water to rivers and, by extension, farms. As of a couple weeks ago, the snowpack in Washington was already gone, and this year, the runoff from the snowmelt is predicted to be at its lowest in 64 years.

"For the eight years that we've been doing this, we'll water something once if we plant it in April, May, or June, and probably never water it again," says Salvo. "There's so much groundwater available that the initial watering is the only time the plant needs it."

But this year, the sun, which begins shining fully at 6:30 a.m. and doesn't set until after 9 p.m., has had unprecedented amounts of time to bake the earth, causing groundwa-

Farmers are watering crops three or four times more than usual because there's simply no water left in the soil.

ter to evaporate. Farmers are watering crops three or four times more than usual because there's simply no water left in the soil.

"The only water the plants are getting is coming out of sprinklers or drip tape," says Salvo. "It's totally different than it's ever been."

"Plants are really suffering," says Smith. We can't get anything to germinate unless we irrigate. I have to run my water pump, which also means a higher power bill. It's a lot more expensive all around. We've got one guy on the crew doing just irrigation."

Local Roots also has one person working exclusively on watering each day, and has brought in part-time workers for extra help with planting and picking. Erickson-Brown estimates that they are spending about \$1,500to \$2,000 more a month on labor.

According to Armstrong, farming at Nash's this year has involved purchasing "a lot more drip tape," along with paying for additional costs such as repairing wells on the property. "We have three fields with wells, but we don't usually use those for extensive irrigation," she says.

It was a calculated expense. By the end of January, extremely concerned by the lack of snowpack, farm managers at Nash's created an entirely new strategy for the growing season. It was a substantial amount of work, especially considering the farm sustainably manages its soil through crop rotation and field planning, which happens up to six years in advance.

"We had to shift around where to plant crops," says Armstrong. "This year, we were forced to make decisions to put veggies in fields that weren't slated for them."

It's one of many adjustments made on the farm. "We're only growing about half the number of row crop vegetables than we usually do because we just don't have the water to do it," says Armstrong. Instead, Nash's is focusing on growing grains-crops that require less water and will hopefully make up for lost vegetable income.

Farming is fraught with unknowns and constantly changing conditions, so doing it successfully requires establishing systems that make revenue consistent and reliable. With the drought, however, the usual business models are being called into question and new solutions are being drafted.

Nash's is prioritizing its farmers markets, CSA, and farm-store sales over those to organic food distributors and wholesale accounts like PCC Natural Markets. At Local Roots, which is a smaller farm, farmers are wrestling with which sales channels to prioritize. "We're actively talking about whether we are going to have enough water to keep the produce that we're growing alive in order to do all our restaurants, our farmers markets, and our CSAs," says Salvo.

A few weeks ago, Local Roots skipped two of its three weekly farmers market appearances to do irrigation work. Now it's considering dropping one or two farmers markets altogether.

Luckily, restaurant sales likely won't be affected: "Whatever our array is, they buy it," says Salvo, referring to Seattle chefs' preference for seasonal offerings.

Smith is well known in Seattle for heirloom beans, specifically her Rockwell beans, which are coveted by chefs at restaurants around town including Sitka and Spruce, the Walrus and the Carpenter, and newcomer Salare in Rayenna.

But this year, Smith's signature crop is threatened. In May, she planted five acres of Rockwell beans. Typically, she doesn't have to irrigate her crop, but during the last two exceptionally dry months, many of her plants died, and only 20 percent of what she planted sprouted. She's since irrigated her field and done another seeding; currently, about half of her field is growing.

"The jury's still out though," says Smith. "I don't know if I'll even have enough to sell this year."

Smith had a low yield of beans last year, too: "I might literally be out of beans until a year and a half from now."

"People have no idea how difficult it is to grow food and how precarious it all is," Smith continues. "I look at my farm and I think: I can see a vear where it's not inconceivable that we could start seeing some food shortages. On farms, we can see how it can happen. And it's really scary." ■



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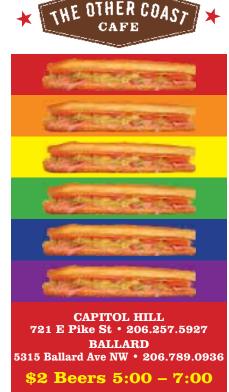
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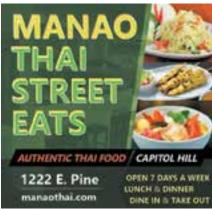
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Elliott's Oyster House and Ivar's Acres of Clams Reopen

After being closed for nine months due to the city's seawall construction project, two of Seattle's biggest and most well-known seafood restaurants reopened on July 1: Elliott's Oyster House (Pier 56, 1201 Alaskan Way, 623-4340) and Ivar's Acres of Clams (Pier 54, 1001 Alaskan Way, 624-6852). (Ivar's Fish Bar, the quick-service fish 'n' chips counter at Pier 54, has also



reopened.) During the break, chefs at both restaurants developed some new dishes for their menus: Elliott's has added geoduck tartare, smoked black-cod pâté, and cured yellowfin tuna, while Ivar's will now serve cornmeal-crusted razor clams with preserved lemon and paella with prawns, mussels, clams, salmon, and Uli's chorizo.

Ivar's, which Ivar Haglund first started as a fish 'n' chips and chowder stand on Pier 54 in 1938, has used the closure as an opportunity to upgrade both the full-service Acres of Clams and the Fish Bar. At Acres of Clams, the \$20 million (!) remodel includes completely new decor, an expanded kitchen, additional seating, and a refreshed outdoor patio with Olympic Mountain views. (Acres of Clams, like Ivar's Salmon House on Lake Union, will be paying all front-of-house and back-of-house workers \$15 an hour and will no longer accept discretionary tipping.) The Fish Bar, along with a newly designed kitchen and ordering window, now has seating for up to 230 people. Ivar's has also invested in Pier 54, reinforcing it with 180,000 pounds of galvanized steel and 760 tons of concrete.

Elliott's also just announced that tickets for its annual Oyster New Year, the threedecade-long annual tradition where people gorge themselves on an unlimited amount of oysters, are now on sale. The (actually wonderful, utterly gluttonous) event will be held on November 14 on Pier 56.

Pike Place MarketFront **Breaks Ground**

Pike Place Market has officially broken ground on MarketFront, a multilevel, 30.000-square-foot expansion west toward Puget Sound. While the \$73 million project won't be completed until spring of 2017, it already has tenants for four of its five food retail business spaces, including Honest Biscuits, Indi Chocolate, a brewery called **Old Stove**, and—most interesting

NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FI



to me—the **Cannery**, a seafood tapas bar and seafood canning production space. Currently, Honest Biscuits and Indi Chocolate operate in Pike Place (Honest opened just three weeks ago), but both will move into the MarketFront once it's open.

MarketFront will include more stalls for farmers and artisans, low-income senior housing, and a public plaza with views of the water. (And to help alleviate the potential traffic clusterfuck, there will also be 300 new parking spaces.)

Ernest Loves Agnes Will Be the New Kingfish Cafe

Many still mourn the loss of Capitol Hill soul-food institution the Kingfish Cafe, which closed in January. While sisters Laurie and Leslie Coaston have yet to open any of the five quick-service, to-go locations they said they planned to open after the Kingfish closed, a new restaurant from Guild Seattle (owners Jason Lajeunesse, David Meinert, and Joey Burgess, who also own Capitol Hill's Lost Lake Cafe and Lounge, the Comet Tavern, Big Mario's Pizza, and Grim's Provisions and Spirits) will be opening in its place, at 602 19th Avenue East, later this summer.

The restaurant, called **Ernest Loves Agnes**, will serve Italian food such as handmade pizzas and pastas, as well as an extensive weekend brunch menu. There will also be a bar and cafe with Italian wines, lots of amaro, and craft cocktails, as well as coffee and pastries. "The food will be chef-

The name Ernest Loves
Agnes was inspired
by Ernest Hemingway,
specifically the shortlived romance he had as
a wounded soldier with a
Red Cross nurse named
Agnes von Kurowsky
during World War I.

driven," says Burgess. The executive chef will be Mac Jarvis (Lost Lake, Smith, Coastal Kitchen, Lola), who most recently revamped the brunch menu at Grim's

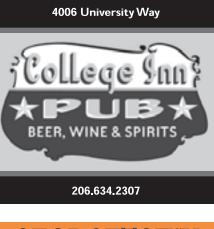
About the name: It's inspired by Ernest Hemingway, specifically the short-lived romance he had as a wounded soldier with a Red Cross nurse named Agnes von Kurowsky during World War I. (His novel A Farewell to Arms is based on this story.) Aside from the fact that this affair happened in Italy, I don't totally understand what it has to do with the food, but okay. Says Burgess: "We feel that the tale of Ernest loving Agnes creates a great road map and story for our restaurant and bar. After all, we are just a few Americans falling in love with all things Italian."

















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ACCEPTANCE Hashtag blessed.

Acceptance Get a **Second Chance**

Christian-ish Emo Band's Reunion Attempts to Remove the Irony from Their Name BY AZARIA PODPLESKY

n 2005, Seattle band Acceptance seemed poised for success. ■ Their second EP led to a deal with Columbia Records, and the group released its debut album, Phantoms. Despite the initial

Acceptance

w/the Money Pit

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excitement surrounding the record, issues with their label began from the get-go.

"We're like the road map for how to become a band and how to not be in a band," lead singer Jason Vena said.

Many labeled Acceptance's music as Christian rock because of references to prayer,

Christ, and heaven in early songs such as "This Is Only a Test," "December," and "Seeing Is Believing." Its members also identified as Christian. "When I joined the band, I still

considered myself a Christian. However, I was raised in a fairly liberal church," drummer/guitarist Garrett Lunceford said in an e-mail. "I knew the guvs had a much more conservative interpretation of the Bible, but they made it clear to me that we weren't a Christian band."

After building a solid local fan base and self-releasing 2000's Lost for Words, the group decided they needed a higher-quality EP to sell at shows. So they pooled their resources and reached out to producer Aaron Sprinkle. "I felt like they had a unique freshness to them, and Jason's voice... I instantly loved the way he structured his lyrics and melodies," said Sprinkle. Thus, the band recorded the EP, Black Lines to Battlefields, at Seattle's Compound Recording Studios in 2003.

After sending the EP to several major labels, Acceptance met with Rick Rubin, producer extraordinaire and owner of American Recordings, and Matt Pinfield, former MTV VJ and then A&R rep for Columbia Records, who were both interested in signing the band. Acceptance eventually decided that Columbia was a better fit overall.

Before the band could step into the recording studio. Lunceford revealed he was gav. "I'm not sure that most of the dudes cared really, more than trying to figure it out," guitarist Christian McAlhaney said from his home in Florida. "When you're in your early 20s, and

at that time, that wasn't a very common thing... some of those guvs didn't know anv gav people. There were no gay people at their high schools." After band discussions and what the

group now refers to as a breakdown in communication, Lunceford and Acceptance parted ways. Lunceford declined to comment for this story on whether or not he was kicked out, but nonetheless, a band called Acceptance did not appear to accept their gay drummer.

All Lunceford would say is this: "If I, the gay in question, feel as though things have been resolved, I feel that should be enough for folks." McAlhaney added, in a post-interview email, "We really do not want people to dwell on the past. We've reconciled and are in the best place that I think this band has ever been." Today, Lunceford no longer considers himself a Christian, and Vena said the band is inclusive of all backgrounds.

After Lunceford's departure, Nick Radovanovic took over on drums, and the band entered the studio with Sprinkle to make Phantoms—a pop-rock record that blends upbeat melodies with heavier guitar and thundering percussion, backed by lyrics about falling in and out of love and trying to find your place in the world, struggles

twentysomethings know all too well.

But before Acceptance and Sprinkle could celebrate a job well done, first-week sales took a dive after *Phantoms* leaked months before its April 26, 2005, release date. The physical CD also featured a harmful copy-protection software called XCP that forced Sony BMG, Columbia's parent company, to recall 27 titles, including *Phantoms*, from stores.

The label also pushed the ballad "Different" as the lead single, while the band thought the up-tempo "Take Cover" was more representative of the record. "To use a poker analogy, it's like you have an unbeatable hand, and no one will bet," Sprinkle said. The trifecta of label problems, paired with Columbia's lukewarm reactions to demos for their sophomore album, proved to be too much. One year after the release of Phantoms, Acceptance called it quits.

"We'd all got so beaten down from not catching a break ever and feeling totally passed over. I think there was relief for a fresh start," said McAlhaney.

Over the next 10 years, some members continued to pursue careers in music, while others chose to leave the industry. McAlhaney and Lunceford joined other bands. Radovanovic works as an engineer and producer. Vena, who, post-Acceptance, sang on tracks by pop-punk quartets All Time Low and Ivoryline, works as a sales manager at a car dealership. Zwiefelhofer works in digital marketing, and guitarist Kaylan Cloyd drives a wholesale milk route.

But Phantoms continued to grow in popularity, much to the band's surprise. In 2013, Bad Timing Records rereleased Phantoms on vinyl, and the first 1,000 copies sold out in four hours. "There was this weird effect... you found something, but you couldn't see it," McAlhaney said. "It becomes this legend. All you have is your imagination of who these guys are and what they did."

The six musicians rarely spoke over the years, but when they did, discussions usually circled back to the idea of writing new music or reuniting. After McAlhaney's group Anberlin disbanded in 2014 and Acceptance received an offer to play the Skate and Surf Festival in Asbury Park, New Jersey, for the second year in a row, the band—now the sextet of Cloyd, Lunceford, McAlhaney, Radovanovic, Vena, and Zwiefelhofer-hit the studio together for the first time in more than a decade. "By the third practice, it was like we never left each other," Vena said. "I have a lot of love for Garrett. I feel like we have a really great relationship and we had a really great relationship 10 years ago. The band is wholly united and really loves Garrett in all his gayness.'

"I knew they had a much more conservative interpretation of the Bible, but they made it clear that we weren't a Christian band."

Acceptance released their first new song, "Take You Away," in May-a track that wouldn't sound out of place on Phantoms. "We want to find a new home for the band and hopefully try to put out a record at some point, keep the band alive," McAlhaney said. "I don't think I could ever see us going on tour in the normal sense of the word. But it's fun to do this weekend stuff and work on Acceptance songs here and there." The majority of the reunion shows have sold out, and there are only a few tickets available for the band's upcoming gig at the Showbox.

"Everyone feels very grateful and very blessed to get this opportunity again," McAlhaney said. "Most people don't get a second chance." ■





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TICKETS AVAILABLE AT **MOE BAR AND ETIX.COM**



KILL ROCK STARS SIGNS SEATTLE PUNK **BAND WIMPS**

Olympia-based indie label Kill Rock Stars just signed Wimps, one of Seattle's hardest-working and most endearing punk bands. The trio—guitarist/vocalist Rachel Ratner, drummer Dave Ramm, and bassist Matt Nyce—will release their five-track Super Me EP on August 7 on cassette and MP3, which will be followed by an album in late 2015. Lead song "Take It as It Comes" is an instant adrenaline injection, powered by tensile riffing à la Wire's Pink Flag and Ratner's brassy vocals. The Stranger's Emily Nokes captured Wimps' appeal in a 2013 feature, calling them "irresistible



sweet 'n' sour punk—extremely catchy, but also deadpan and a little morose. The lyrics might demand you stop having fun, but the hooks would argue otherwise." Wimps' upcoming local shows include West Seattle Summer Fest (July 11), an opening slot for the Spits at Chop Suey (July 16), and Pizza Fest at El Corazón (August 8).

KEXP'S NEW HOME BUDGET RECEIVES A \$1.8 MILLION BOOST FROM THE STATE

On June 30, Governor Jay Inslee signed the 2015-2017 capital budget, which designated \$1.866 million in state funding for KEXP's new home. The popular listenersupported Seattle radio station received the money via the **Building for the Arts** funding program. KEXP's new home, a public broadcast and performing arts facility that has been under construction at Seattle Center since February, is expected to be ready by December. The station plans to hold a grand opening in spring 2016. In addition, a record store will be operational within the facility in April 2016, in time for Record Store Day.

"This award is an incredible step toward building a unique music facility to serve music lovers and musicians in Washington State and around the world, and shows that this is an important project for our region," KEXP executive director Tom Mara said in a press release. "This wouldn't have happened without KEXP's listeners and supporters."

The facility will feature amenities that proved impossible for its current building on Dexter Avenue. The layout will allow for easier load-ins when bands perform instudio shows in the 75-capacity space. Touring musicians will have the ability to take showers, wash and dry their clothes, and store their gear. KEXP plans to host more than 400 free concerts annually.

At the moment, KEXP has raised more than \$11 million of a projected \$15 million to cover construction and moving costs. The station is relying on donors and supporters to come up with the final \$4 million to fulfill its goal for the facility. To date, more than 5,700 donors have made contributions to the capital campaign. Find more information at newhome.kexp.org.

Black Rhymes Matter

New Music from Silas Blak, SassyBlack, and Cam the Mac

BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

mid the war on blackness worldwide and the bum's rush out of the city, those on the receiving end of progress can find it all too easy to rely on familiar and trusted sources of cultural sustenance—that is to say, you just listen to old shit and miss how much good hiphop and soul can be found these days. That's if you know where to look—a great place to start is always in your metaphorical backyard (God knows you probably can't afford a real one here). Here's a very brief selection of some new Seattle-based black music, served three ways.

SILAS BLAK

Blak Friday: The Mixtape (Cabin Games)

Though the beer-pong generation could be forgiven for not knowing the name, anybody appreciating the local scene for more than a moment will know Silas Blak "the Artifact." He's one of the town's most recognizable voices, from Black Stax to Silent Lambs Project to Blind Council. Blak's signature is a jagged, swinging style that rhymes in places you'd least expect, repeating, folding in on itself, obscuring—like an eyes-only military document that redacts and reshapes itself as you



read it. He's a Seattle original, but he could be comfortably filed next to the best moments of Oakland's Saafir or the Wu's Masta Killa. Blak's verses are art: Abstract and powerful, they often hold a different meaning for every listener. Most MCs are pure commerce, selling an idea of who they are, all "I" and no heart. This is not the case with Blak.

He's every bit the stoic lyrical monolith and then some on Blak Friday, his first solo work since 2007's stellar Silas Sentinel. Whether he's deconstructing colonialism and black pain or asserting technical superiority, his spit is heady and authoritative. Blak Friday is the strongest work to come from the Cabin Games label, a real testament to fusing old game to young blood—the production from Kjell Nelson (known for his work with Otieno Terry as the Hightek Lowlives) suits Blak well, with a funereal stomp and occasional sun-glittered shards of soul (as on "Chores" and "Bus Stop"). In a Seattle that's capable of seeing the worth of complex black art (Shabazz Palaces, for example), it would be right and just for a veteran like Silas Blak to find a bigger audience than he's had to date.

SASSYBLACK

Personal Sunlight (Self-released)

You know SassyBlack, aka Catherine Harris-White, as one half of soul-ar sistren THEESatisfaction. As of late, both her and Stas THEE Boss have been as prolific with their solo work as they have as a unit. SassyBlack's latest EP, Personal Sunlight, is exactly what it sounds like, a bright picture—a selfie, even—of the narrator's inner space. Lo-fi and high-flying, she asserts her right to

nuance, showing multiple aspects as a playful seducer, a ray of sunlight, an eternal "thrilla" who one must never play or test—not to mention vocalist and producer. The spare, DIY bedroom productions not only give the



project a sense of deep-space isolation, but a degree of timelessness. If not for the phrase "on fleek" giving a clue to the era of origin, *Personal Sunlight* could be a homegrown demo of experimental, transcendental R&B poetry from the 1980s or '90s, perhaps unearthed by another alien culture.

CAM THE MAC

Chef Killa (Self-released)

West Seattle's Cam the Mac reps the Moor Gang-for some years now, kind of the premier "bad guys" of the local hiphop scene. Which is to say, they're the most visible, young, all-black street rap collective—12 deep at last count—trying to make it in a city that is, well, Seattle. (Conflict alert: I manage the Moors' Jarv Dee.) So though they enjoy a lot of popular support from fans, they get bad-mouthed, blocked, and watched—being "no angels," as the news would say when it comes exclusively to black bodies. (Can you even imagine HBK, or A\$AP Mob, or, God help them, OFWGKTA—the very acts whose headliners regularly come through the city's best venues and festivals—trying to kick off careers in this town?) What never gets lost in



any discussion of the Moors, though, is their deep reserve of talent—and out of their considerable starting lineup, the prolific young "Killa" might be the clique's best-kept secret.

Cam the Mac's latest and best mixtape, Chef Killa, finds him in peak form, filleting, buttering, and broiling a mix of original production and industry beats (from Drake, Yo Gotti, and others) with an ease as palpable as his hunger—just let that boy cook. His ruthless hustler pragmatism and son-of-a-pimp game won't endear him to the genteel, but his bars are slick enough to delight actual rap fans and sharp enough to fade 99 percent of his young fly rapper comp. "Everybody got bars, though," as he says—it's Cam's humanism and humor that make him a cut above. On "Out Here," he reminds you that your waitress "got bills to pay," hopes out loud that you find confidence in yourself, and warns us not to give up hope in this cold world. That's the real killer. \blacksquare









THE HELIO SEQUENCE This submarine sounds amazing.

The Feel Is There

The Helio Sequence Refuse to Let Perfection Ruin a Good Song

BY TRENT MOORMAN

The Helio Sequence

w/Wild Ones, Quarto Negro

Sat July 11, Neptune, 9 pm,

\$16 adv/\$18.50 DOS, all ages

he Helio Sequence's self-titled, selfproduced sixth album (out on Sub Pop Records) is so airtight and riveted with ingenuity, you get the feeling that vocalist/guitar player Brandon Summers and drummer/key-

boardist Benjamin Weikel could construct anything they set their collective minds to, be it a dreamy crystal pop song or an in-

die-rock masterpiece. The duo recorded the material last year in their Portland, Oregon, studio (which they built themselves, of course) with the intention of seeing how much music they could create in a one-month time span. Twenty-six songs later, the 10 tracks that ended up on the new LP were whittled down via votes from trusted family and friends. Summers spoke from the Best Western Outlaw Inn of Rock Springs, Wyoming. The Helios are touring and were about to hit the road for Pendleton, Oregon. It was early morning.

How's the Outlaw Inn? It's cowboythemed. Built around 1972, and hasn't been updated since. The Outlaw Saloon is attached to it. Real cowboys hang out there. We've stayed here a few times, and mostly keep to our rooms. Two guys, traveling together, wearing pink shirts, maroon pants, striped socks and shit? [Laughs] We don't exactly fit in.

You and Benjamin are such resourceful craftsmen of sound. Have you guys ever thought about building a submarine? What type of vessel does this album represent for you? Besides a submarine. Something reactive and moving. A hovercraft?

How do you get such crisp goddamn drum sounds on your songs? They're so beautiful, I weep. We spent two or three months in 2013 all suited up in fiberglass-proof suits doing a huge studio upgrade. So a lot of it is the acoustics of our studio, which we calculated in terms of bass trapping, frequency reflections, and absorption. I think one of our secrets is a pair of

> custom-made ribbon microphones. They're Beyer 260s, but they've been re-ribboned with RCA-77 ribbons, which is an old

broadcast microphone they used to use for radio. They're different than small-diaphragm condensers and large-diaphragm Neumann mics. They have good midrange bite, especially on the snare drum. We've also worked on mic placement $a\ lot$.

You guys could totally build a submarine. A good-sounding submarine.

Your studio is in the space where a cafeteria and break room used to be in an

"Lyrics tend to be

subconscious. In the

moment, I might have no

clue what I'm saying."

old Portland factory Can you sense what lunch items were served the most there? Do you sense mystery meat? It was the cafeteria of the old Jantzen swimwear headquarters a

long time ago. It has checkerboard floors and baby-blue walls. Judging from the condition, I'd say the item that was served the most was dirt and mud. We went through about 10 mops when we cleaned it up. They might have used it for mud wrestling.

What about the mystery meat? Do ghosts of the cafeteria whisper about questionable stroganoffs? Oh yeah. Stroganoffs and stews. There may even be some whispers of soy-based products.

"Phantom Shore" is my favorite track. You sing, "What remains to be seen is a dream to hold on to." What are you saying there? I write completely in the moment, so lyrics tend to be subconscious. In the moment, I might have no clue what I'm saying. But that one was pretty evident. It's hard to get by as a band. We've been professional musicians for about 15 years, touring around the country endlessly and recording. It's something we absolutely love. That song is talking about how fragile it all is, and the gratitude I have for being able to do it for this long. It always feels like there's something ahead, something to grab on to, something driving us forward.

Define kaleidoscopic sound. It's more a feeling than something aural. I experienced it yesterday in the van listening to the Miles Davis Quintet, his stuff right before Kind of Blue. It was sunny, I was lying down, and I had this feeling of floating. It's not because there are a million sounds at once. That was very structured music. People were taking solos, coming in and out. It had that feeling some music hits on, that body rush. You feel it at live shows. I think that's a big part of the Helio Sequence—being as much about a feeling as it is about sounds. We'll work on a song until we find a feeling.

The way you sing and play on "Stoic Resemblance"—the ends of lines are the beginnings of others. That feels kaleidoscopic. Openings coming out of closings, Exactly, It's also about movement. It's about keeping that momentum going through the music.

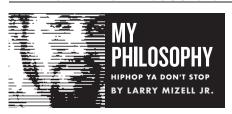
You said mistakes didn't matter as much on this album. What's an example of a mistake you left in? Some of the vocals are super rough, first takes. My thought was: "These are just placeholder vocals, I gotta come up with something more clever later, and I will, but I'm gonna lay these down now." But when I tried rerecording them, the newer vocals were just wrong. They were too straight-ahead, the lyrics were way too clear and too complex. We were like, "Why rerecord it? The feel is there. Maybe they're a little mumbled, but that's just part of the song's identity." It was about resisting the urge to self-censor. You can get so self-conscious with the creative process. Benjamin will get to the point where he's like, "I hate the way I hit the snare there. It's a little bit off." I'll be the same way with my vocals. Sometimes songs can be ruined if you try to make them too perfect.

Benjamin has one of the better drumfaces on the planet. When he plays, it looks like he's being electrocuted with happiness. How do you describe it? Where does it come from? I think it's coordination and concentration mixed with movement. He's been doing it from the beginning. It's not something he just started doing one day. It's part of how

he drums. It's like a dance. It just happens to be that his mouth and his face are part of the dance. People don't know it, but Benjamin is a very good dancer. He's that guy on the dance floor you

see and you're like, "Shit, that guy really has some moves." Full body, just like he drums. It's funny, people come up to him after shows and say, "You seem so happy! Are you always so happy?" And I can definitely confirm that he's not always so happy [laughs].

You just outed Benjamin's dancing prowess to the world. Well, we both dance a ton in the new video for "Battle Lines," which is coming out soon. The Helio Sequence's moves will soon be revealed to the world. ■



SWEARING & CHURCH

I was tempted to write an **entire column filled with "fucks"** to properly give voice to how I'm feeling right now, but nah. That would just be so, so crass—and I know just how important it is to so many of y'all that I "speak so well," since you've been telling me that all my life.

Actually, fuck it. Fuck the goddamn KKK (just to quote Willie D for the second consecutive week). Fuck Volksfront. Fuck the goddamn Northwest Front, and fuck that funky fedora-wearing fuck of a hack writer fuck who leads them. Fuck the white supremacist terrorists out there who've set fire to seven—is it really fucking seven?—black churches throughout the South. And they're always worried about black people burning up shit! Fuck all of the police and the fuck-all they're doing about it, every news outlet that barely gives it consideration, and every person who would deny



what the fuck is going on. Your belief is not fucking required, and abuse of power comes as no surprise.

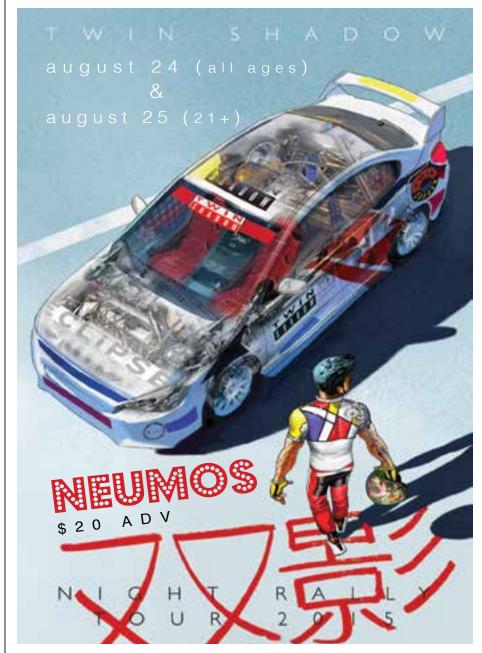
Fuck that broke-nose, empty-vault-findin'-ass Geraldo

for hating on the boy Kendrick, too. Fuck the idea that he and rap in general "are more damaging to black people than racism." GTFO. I really don't fuck with BET like that, so I didn't see his performance on its awards, but the video for "Alright" that just dropped? That shit feels like right fucking now.

As does Dreams Worth More Than Monev. the new album from North Philly furnace Meek Mill-after two studio albums and a couple well-loved mixtape trilogies, it feels like Meek's time. Especially when you consider the perfect PR of having the flyest girl in the game wearing his chain, with Nicki popping up to play the '15 Bonnie to his Clyde Barrow with the double barrel. DWMTM is, for the most part, a totally dominant statement, worthy of those couple references to All Eyez on Me; by the time you get to "I Got the Juice" (shit, by the time you get to the intro), you gotta agree with the dude. Meek's Maybach Music label bawse Rick Ross comes through, too-and it had to suck having an MMG record drop while he's going back to jail (he's now out on bail) for some heavy shit (namely, assault and kidnapping). Save just a couple tracks—the ones coincidentally featuring DJ Khaled and Diddy's ohso-fleet-footed ass—you're liable to smell kerosene upon your first listen.

Is it a small comfort, having so much good rap to listen to (for the first time in a minute, I'm anticipating making a year-end list) in this very hot summer of this very hot year? Fuck yeah! And I don't doubt that it's the steep stakes of these all-or-nothing times that are steeping such potent tea. Shit, I'm still catching up to all these leaked Young Thug songs—and even the soon-to-be-free-agent Lil Wayne is warming the fuck back up. Underground and over and ultra grounds are all providing. Churches are still burning. What the fuck we gone do?

So fuck what you talking about—and guess what I'm fresh out of? ■







UP&COMING

Lose your iconic punk grandpas every night this week!

For the full music calendar, see page 55 or visit **thestranger.com/music (4)** = All Ages.

Wednesday 7/8

TR/ST, Novosti, Cuff Lynx

(Barboza) Canadian dance goth duo TR/ST (formerly Trust—pick a stylization and go with it, people) wish so hard you wouldn't compare them to Crystal Castles. So you won't, but suffice it to say their go-to blend of pixelated synthesizers, pouty singing, clattering drum machines, and monochromatic aesthetic may bring back memories of another pair of malcontents from the north. When done well, on tracks like "Capitol," TR/ST vamp up the melodic melodrama to stratospheric heights. When done poorly, the songs wither in a gray gruel of halfhearted hooks and lead-footed drum programming. For the most part they nail it, though, skewing darker and colder than their Canuck contemporaries, with an emphasis on foggy ambience and bleak, bellowing vocals that sound genuinely desperate, as opposed to just disaffected. Somebody call the help-line operator. **KYLE FLECK**

Together Pangea, Audacity, Violent Human System, White Night, Ubu Roi

(Victory) Audacity's garage rock is decidedly Californian. Even the agitated and depressed jams seem affected by the bright sun, cool waters, and hot sands of the Beach Boys' home state. It's all harmony and bright notes and unruffled vocals and generally unconcerned with bummers in a way that only high doses of vitamin D can produce. Maybe this is what more bands composed of Seattle misanthropes would sound like if this weather we're having lately held for, say, a whole four or five months a year. All that said, Audacity have toured with and backed

Kyle Thomas, aka King Tuff, who is one of the Top Five Most Delightful Humans Alive™, so maybe they're just like-minded, sunshiny dudes. GRANT

Thursday 7/9

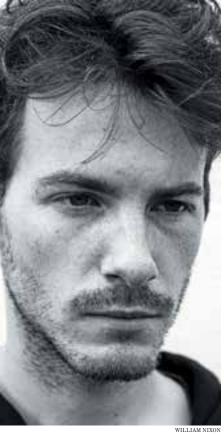
Steely Dan, Elvis Costello and the Imposters

(White River Amphitheatre) Freshly out on their "Rockabye Gollie Angel Tour" (??), Steely Dan—or, as one Slog commenter once called them, "perv-jazz rockers"—are known for meticulous, seal-smooth jazz/rock compositions, darkly deadpan lyrics, and being the drug of choice among a generation of dads who are probably grandfathers at this point. Steely dudes Walter Becker and Donald Fagen have been at it since the 1970s, and lord knows their elaborate, intellectual pop weirdness isn't for everyone (my "friends" won't let me live down my prized Aja and Pretzel Logic records), but this show also boasts another wry/brainy pop legend: Elvis Costello, backed by the Imposters. So maybe if someone in your life $\,$ really wants to go to this show, but you're all, "No, I hate Steely Dad because radio blah blah," maybe you can split the diff and enjoy the more accessible (i.e., socially acceptable) Mr. Costello. EMILY NOKES

Friday 7/10

Debacle Fest: Mamiffer. Daniel Menche, Bell Witch, Ecstatic Cosmic Union, more

(Columbia City Theater) The eighth annual Debacle



TR/ST Foggy ambience and bleak, bellow $ing\ vocals.\ Wed\ July\ 8\ at\ Barboza.$

Fest had to be pushed back due to venue complications, but it's looking like it'll be worth the wait. Organizers Sam Melancon and Rachel LeBlanc have proved themselves to be some of Seattle's savviest curators of unconventional musical talent. The first night of the two-night event features 16 acts covering much ground. Portland's Daniel Menche is an esteemed veteran of the noise underground who excels at creating abrasive sounds you want to listen to for a long time (e.g., his 2013 masterpiece, Marriage of Metals). Rising Seattle two-piece Bell Witch bring a grave grandeur to doom metal. Meridian Arc (Termi-

nal Fuzz Terror drummer Andrew Crawshaw) wrings malevolent and cosmic tones from his analog synthesizers. Mamiffer, LA Lungs, Ecstatic Cosmic Union, and Kaori Suzuki & Jon Carr are all romantically linked couples making amazing gothic-folk metal, drone, space rock, and highbrow abstract electronic music, respectively. As always with Debacle events, it's the names you don't recognize who sometimes make the deepest impression, so it behooves you to be at your most adventurous. DAVE SEGAL

Steely Dan are known for being the drug of choice among a generation of dads who are probably grandfathers at this point.

Jurassic 5, Donte Peace

(Showbox) The name of hiphop ensemble Jurassic 5 probably began as a sort of joke, a wink at their throwback tendencies and shameless golden-era nostalgia. That they've now been around for more than 20 years makes the crew genuinely Mesozoic in the history of rap, a fact they are unashamed to remind you of on any number of their trash-talking posse cuts. After the abrupt breakup of the group eight years ago following their disappointing fourth album, Feedback, founding members Chali 2Na, Marc 7, Zaakir, Akil, and DJ Nu-Mark took a break, took stock, and are now selling out shows on their "reunion tour," which tonight lands them at the Showbox. Like E-40, their commitment to the grind is unflagging—also like 40, their style tends to date itself as soon as the MCs open their mouths. Which is sort of the point: They're the self-appointed torchbearers of the golden age, contemporary shit be damned. KYLE FLECK

Trails and Ways, Eastern Souvenirs

(Sunset) In recent years, there's been a handful of bands in Oakland that incorporate disparate global influences into a pop template (see: tUnE-yArDs, Waterstrider, Bells Atlas). In the case of Trails and







Ways, their influences (bossa nova, Afrobeat, jazz) get channeled into breezy, upbeat dance tracks that obliterate any barrier you might have erected toward movement. But there's another layer to these songs. According to an interview in the East Bay Express, the band also uses its music to combat climate change. Lead single "Skeletons" on new album Pathology sounds club-worthy on the surface, but it is actually about apathy toward ecological collapse. The message is subtle, not overt, however, so apathy is still an option. **KATHLEEN RICHARDS**

Saturday 7/11

Fox and the Law, the Young Evils, Kingdom of the Holy Sun, Terminal Fuzz Terror

(Neumos) Can a band somehow mix, in three equal parts, the messy bravado of iconic punk grandpas the Stooges, the slower melodic rock of Built to Spill, and lead vocals not unlike Jack White's during his time with the White Stripes? Seattle fuzzrockers Fox and the Law can, and they did. They're coming out strong with their new album, The Trouble with People. Tonight is the release of the new LP produced by Graig Markel (Nada Surf, Band of Horses). The album's third track, "Bad Motivator," is sure to be the instant standout, mirroring the motivation of the band—who will blast off on a 12date European tour in July and August. They return just in time to play Bumbershoot on September 6 sandwiched in a super Sunday lineup that also includes sets by other Pacific Northwest heavies Dead Moon, Melvins, and Constant Lovers. KELLY O

Debacle Fest: Marielle V. Jakobsons, Sarah Davachi, Raica, Brain Fruit, Contact Cult, more

(Columbia City Theater) Debacle Fest concludes tonight with an abundance of challenging musicians who, as with Friday's lineup, encompass many styles. Terrane—a newish group featuring ex–Eternal Tapestries guitarist Dewey Mahood, Chuck Johnson, and Marielle V. Jakobsons—play the sort of desolate psych folk that should appeal to fans of Chris Forsyth and Steve Gunn. Jakobsons herself is



JURASSIC 5 The self-appointed torchbearers of the golden age. Fri July 10 at Showbox.

also performing a set with her custom-built violin; anyone who's heard her work with Date Palms and Portraits or her 2012 album *Glass Canyon* knows that she can generate transcendent drones with the greatest of them. Johnson is doing a solo slot,

Painters' rain-streaked emo evokes the peculiar colorlessness of a Bellingham sky.

too, and his fluid, soulful acoustic-guitar pieces possess a timeless, pastoral allure. Vancouver's Sarah Davachi weaves minimalist moiré patterns of analog-synth emissions that purr and whir with the intimate immensity of Pauline Oliveros's peak out-

put. And this just scratches the surface of Debacle Fest's offbeat bounty. **DAVE SEGAL**

Painters, Nixon Tooth, Abstract Friends

⚠ (Ground Zero) Painters are a five-piece of young folks from that city of subdued excitement, Bellingham. Oftentimes, their rain-streaked emo evokes the peculiar colorlessness of a Bellingham sky and then breaks suddenly into sun rays of gorgeously delayed guitars and harmony-rich choruses. It's exquisitely bittersweet, autumnal music. Fans of American Football and At the Drive-In take note. Here comes the conflict-of-interest part. I used to sleep next door to the lead singer/guitarist of Nixon Tooth. He's a pretty terrible roommate, but he puts on a helluva live show, if the stuff he used to practice in our shared bathroom is any indication: gritty, grimy, willfully antagonistic, anarchist no wave. **KYLE FLECK**

Grace Love's Sadie Hawkins Dance Party

(High Dive) Honestly, I had to look up what a Sadie Hawkins dance was before writing this. Turns out that we just called it a Tolo when I was in high school. Gals invite guys, and, in a wonderful reversal of culturally enforced gender norms, are even expected to buy them a drink or two. Providing the soundtrack to all your old-fashioned PG-rated reverse romancing this evening, Grace Love and DJ Shapeshifter preside, classing the joint up with Motown-influenced soul, R&B, rock, and funk. Love has truly earned her breakout status in the past year, stepping up tremendously on recent work with her band the True Loves and revealing the innate sense of groove she hinted at on early releases. She's got her eyes trained on the national stage, and it's tough to see much standing in her way. As always, catch her before she gets big, so you can tell people you did. **KYLE FLECK**









KENDRICK LAMAR • THE BLACK KEYS • J. COLE • TIËSTO

HOZIER • KID CUDI • MISSY ELLIOTT • WEEZER • JANE'S ADDICTION

THE STRING CHEESE INCIDENT (TWO NIGHTS) • BASSNECTAR • PASSION PIT • BILLY TALENT

CHROMEO • DADA LIFE • SAM ROBERTS BAND • THE DECEMBERISTS • THE WAR ON DRUGS

EDWARD SHARPE & THE MAGNETIC ZEROS • PORTUGAL. THE MAN • PARTYNEXTDOOR • CHVRCHES

CHET FAKER • BEIRUT • RL GRIME • BANKS • DE LA SOUL • STS9 • DUKE DUMONT • MATT AND KIM

EARL SWEATSHIRT • FLUX PAVILION • DAN MANGAN + BLACKSMITH • FATHER JOHN MISTY

GALACTIC FEATURING MACY GRAY • RUN THE JEWELS • PAUL OAKENFOLD • COURTNEY BARNETT

CUT COPY (DJ SET) • BLEACHERS • RYN WEAVER • LOGIC • TOBIAS JESSO JR. • REAL ESTATE

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND • FLATBUSH ZOMBIES • GIVERS • MOON TAXI

RYAN HEMSWORTH • JULY TALK • BADBADNOTGOOD • CHARLES BRADLEY & HIS EXTRAORDINAIRES

JUDAH & THE LION • GAY NINETIES • WHAT SO NOT • BEATS ANTIQUE (LIVE BAND) • KALI UCHIS

SPOOKY BLACK (CORBIN) • THE SUFFERS • GIRAFFAGE • DJ DODGER STADIUM

SANGO • JACKLNON • PPL MVR • BOYFRIEND • MAGGIE KOERNER

FULL FLEX EXPRESS FEATURING
JACK Ü (SKRILLEX+DIPLO)
ZEDS DEAD, AŞAP FERG, TYCHO
HUNDRED WATERS & ANNA LUNGE B2B MIJA

PEMBY COMEDY

TIM & ERIC • REGGIE WATTS • T.J. MILLER

DOUG BENSON • ERIC ANDRE • HARLAND WILLIAMS • TIG NOTARO

ALI WONG • BEN GLEIB • GORBURGER • CHRIS TREW

AIR SEX CHAMPIONSHIPS

IT'S ALMOST HERE! GET YOUR TICKETS NOW AT











West Seattle Summer Fest

(West Seattle Junction) Dear West Seattle Summer Fest: How in the holy hell can you be free? Seriously! No admission fees and no fences (make that no HELLISHLY UGLY fences covered in view-killing black trash bags). And not only do you have three days of music on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—with excellent local bands like Pony Time, La Luz, Wimps, Kithkin, the Thermals, and the Cave Singers (plus more!)—you also have a kids area with arts and activities aimed at toddlers through tweens, art and shopping, an area for pets, and an "adults area," more commonly known as a BEER GARDEN. I really can't believe you have all these things and don't want to charge me 20-some dollars to get in. HEY, THANK YOU! July 10–12. KELLY O

Sunday 7/12

${\bf Brian\,Wilson,\,Rodriguez}$

(Benaroya Hall) What is there to say that hasn't already been said about Brian Wilson? I could talk about how the Beach Boys legend is responsible for some of the most sunny, beautiful harmonies and magical production in pop music. I could write about his battle with mental illness, his subsequent comeback, the biopic about his life, his new record, or his guest role swooping in to rescue the Tanner family from unrealistic high jinks on Full House. Or I could just say this: When I was 11, I won tickets on the radio to see Wilson perform Pet Sounds with a symphony orchestra. At one point in the show, the aging, wild-eyed man addressed the audience directly: "If you listen closely, you can hear the angels in this song," he urged us. I thought that was a crazy thing to say. But I listened, and I knew exactly what he was talking about. ROBIN EDWARDS

Noise Yoga: Jason E. Anderson

• (Frye Art Museum) Why not enjoy some noise with your Sunday-morning yoga routine? Noise Yoga pairs the music of local musicians with the clarifying and centering mental/physical effects of yoga. In its new home in the *Frye Salon* exhibition, experimental analog label Gift Tapes mogul Jason E. Anderson will be providing his methodical synth ambience this



MARRIAGES Expect some pleasant bad dreams. Tues July 14 at Barboza.

session. While it may seem counterintuitive to do ner

Dear West Seattle
Summer Fest:

How in the holy hell can

you be free?

yoga while listening to "noise" in an art museum,

this multimedia approach provides the opportunity

visceral way. It's not necessary to be experienced to participate—the program will be gentle Hatha yoga appropriate for all levels. **BRITTNIE FULLER**

Monday 7/13

Eternal Summers, Nic Hessler

(Barboza) Eternal Summers are capable practitio-

ners of Non-Offensive Rock Music, or NORMcore, if you will. Though their tunes borrow from harderedged, messier styles like noise pop and punk, the rough spots have been smoothed down, sanded into palatable pop nuggets between two and four minutes in length. Singer Nicole Yun remains the most memorable thing on offer, with a durable mezzo-soprano that effortlessly glides over the distorted melee beneath and bends impressively around the occasionally hummable chorus. But unlike, say, Yuck, a band with a similar penchant for deceptively safe fuzz rockers, the hooks just don't stick. Which is really the most offensive thing of all for a band that lives or dies on the strength of its earworms. **KYLE FLECK**

Tuesday 7/14

Graham Nash

② (Neptune) Graham Nash has been a high-profile performer since the early 1960s, after he formed his first group, the Hollies, and then cofounded

one of classic rock's most loved West Coast bands, Crosby, Stills, and Nash (which sometimes included Neil Young). Along the way, he also saw fit to make a clutch of fabulous solo albums. Well, 50 years on, I'm told he's still got his sweet singing voice and loves to play the classics, as well as some deep album cuts from his extensive back catalog. Oh, he's also known for telling cool "back in the good ol' dazed" stories between songs! Uh, YEAH, sounds like a solid night out to me. **MIKE NIPPER**

Marriages, Branden Daniel and the Chics

(Barboza) Think of Marriages as the culmination of everything singer/guitarist Emma Ruth Rundle has experimented with before. The hard-rock trio combines the ringing guitar tones of her first band, the Nocturnes, with the American Gothic songwriting of her solo folk record. Those songs come suspended in the thick dissonant atmosphere that the members of Marriages perfected during their time in the instrumental metal guintet Red Sparowes. Rundle and company (bassist Gregory Burns and drummer Andrew Clinco) refined all those influences into something resembling the Cocteau Twins as played by the Cenobites from Hellraiser on their recently released full-length, Salome. Expect some pleasant bad dreams after their set at Barboza. JO-SEPH SCHAFER

Steeleye Span featuring Maddy Prior

(Triple Door) Active on and off since 1969, Steeleye Span rank with contemporaries Fairport Convention and Pentangle as the most interesting of the UK folk revivalists. Over the decades, Maddy Prior's steadfast, mellifluous vocals have remained one of Steeleye Span's most appealing elements. They regally glide over the Span's electrified yet reverent covers of obscure and not-so-obscure traditional British folk songs as well as some of the group's own jaunty and stately compositions. Check out Hark! The Village Wait, Please to See the King, and All Around My Hat for an introduction to the band's inventive reanimation of old tunes you probably didn't know existed. A Steeleye Span concert is one of the most entertaining ways to get a deep education in folk-music history. DAVE SEGAL







UM



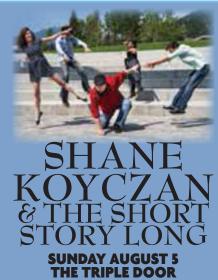




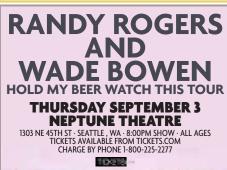
& KYLIE RAE HARRIS WEDNESDAY JULY 15 THE CROCODILE

2200 2ND AVENUE - SEATTLE, WA - 8:00PM SHOW - 21 AND OVER TICKETS ONLINE AT TICKETFLY.COM CHARGE BY PHONE 877.4.FLY.TIX

















11 THE TRIPLE DOOR

216 UNION STREET SEATTLE, WA 8:00PM SHOW ALL AGES TICKETS ONLINE AT THETRIPLEDOOR.NET CHARGE BY PHONE 206-838-4333

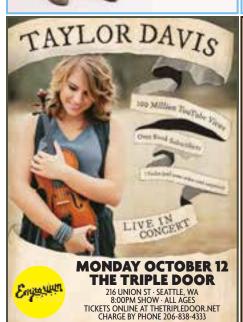


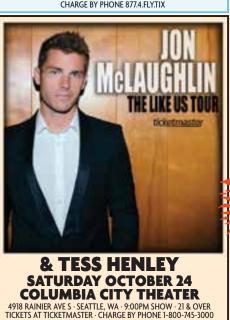
THE DOLLYROTS & IVORY TRIBES TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 15 THE CROCODILE

2200 2ND AVE - SEATTLE, WA - 8:00PM SHOW - ALL AGES TICKETS ONLINE AT TICKETFLY.COM CHARGE BY PHONE 8774.FLYTIX













NUSIC CALEN

See The Stranger's online THINGS TO DO calendar for complete music listings.

DRUNK OF THE WEEK...BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA...56 **DATA BREAKER...57 POSTER OF THE WEEK...58**

WED 7/8 LIVE

★ BARBOZA TR/ST. Novosti. Cuff Lynx, 8 pm, \$3 with RSVP/\$10 without

 BENAROYA HALL March of the Penguins COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Solo Artist Awards and Local Showcase: Twice the Band, Echo Shot, Beaumont Adams, Young Blisss, 6 pm, \$10/\$12

© CROCODILE Big
Business, 8 pm, \$12
© EL CORAZON Boat Race Weekend, Oranges from the President, guests

HIGHLINE Spectacular Spectacular, Full Moon Spectacular, run... Radio, Kelli Frances Corrado, 9 pm, \$8 HIGHWAY 99 James Howard

• JAZZ ALLEY Albert Lee, Cindy Cashdollar KELLS Liam Gallagher LO-FI Ultra Violent Rays, Perfect Families, Charlatan NEUMOS Tanlines, Mas Ysa PARAGON Two Buck Chuck,

RENDEZVOUS Blood and Bourbon, Casting Shadov O THE ROYAL ROOM All

SUNSET TAVERN Ancient Powers, Weeed, Sun TRACTOR TAVERN Black

Beast Revival, Colossal Boss, Born of Ghosts TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Tekla Waterfield, Jo

Cooney, 8:30 pm, free THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER Seattle for Nepal TULALIP RESORT CASINO Hank Williams, Jr., 7 pm ★ VICTORY LOUNGE
Together Pangea, Audacity,
Violent Human System,
White Night, Ubu Roi

1477

BRASS TACKS The 200 Trio TULA'S Alex Dugdale's Fade Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$10 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Jimmie Herrod

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks CONTOUR NuDisco FOUNDATION Liquid Stranger, 10 pm, \$15 HAVANA Wicked & Wild ★ KREMWERK They! A Genderfuck/Genderqueer Party

NEIGHBOURS Pulse **Q NIGHTCLUB** Troyboi, Awe, 9 pm, \$12 REVOLVER BAR DJ Kurt

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE
PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

BENAROYA HALL Seattle

THURS 7/9 LIVE

O BELLEVUE GALLERIA BLUE MOON TAVERN The Idle Tyrant, Rat King, Gummetal Grey, 9 pm COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Once Upon a Tuesday, the Lulls, Singer Sargent

CONOR BYRNE The Delines O COTTAGE LAKE PARK

CROCODILE The Griswolds. Wild Party, 8 pm, \$13

DARRELL'S TAVERN The
Poetry Assassins, Pico
BLVD, guests

O EL CORAZON Jesse Lawson, quests

© FREMONT ABBEY
Breaking Free: Performan
by Emerging Teen Artists HIGH DIVE Marmalade HIGHLINE The Munsens, Honduran, Eye of Nix, the Vatican, 9 pm, \$8

HIGHWAY 99 Kevin Andrew Sutton & the Northwest All-Stars, 8 pm, \$7

• JAZZ ALLEY Albert Lee, Cindy Cashdollar KELLS Liam Gallagher LO-FI Bent Knee, Gladiators Eat Fire, Crazy Eyes, \$6 THE MIX Yada Yada Blues Band, 9 pm, free **NECTAR** Kvmani Marlev

★ NORTHWEST FILM
FORUM Only God Forgives
Live Soundtrack: Cock &
Swan, 8 pm, \$15

O THE ROYAL ROOM Freaks N' Beats SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Los Caballos Locos, 8 pm SNOQUALMIE CASINO Buddy Guy, Quinn Sullivan substation Post Rapture Party, Psychic Echo, Adieu Caribou, 8 pm

sunset tavern Maszer THEATER SCHMEATER Peanutty Goodne **TIM'S TAVERN** Jess Hieser, Damien Van de Geer TRACTOR TAVERN The Deslondes, Tuba Skinny, Lonesome Shack

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Jelly Rollers, 9 pm, free

O THE TRIPLE DOOR Emmett Montgomery ★ ② WHITE RIVER
AMPHITHEATRE Stee
Dan, Elvis Costello an
Imposters, \$45-\$155

JAZZ

* BARCA lazz at Barca BRASS TACKS Shawn Mickelson's Jazz Quartet O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Triptet & Bloom O CITY HALL PLAZA Seattle Women's Jazz

O CROSSROADS SHOPPING **CENTER Jazz Misfits**

PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brace SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, pm, free

TULA'S Gene Argel Quartet

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat

★ HAVANA Sophisticated

NEIGHBOURS Tinde OHANA Get Right

★ Q NIGHTCLUB Kenny Larkin, Super Flu, guests R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays TRINITY Space Thursdays

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

FRI 7/10 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free BARBOZA Nostalgist, Vibragun, Winnebago **BLUE MOON TAVERN** Crack

CAFE RACER Audios
Amigos, 9 pm, free
CHAPEL PERFORMANCE

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15
★ CHOP SUEY Erik Blood,
Dewey Decimal, Mathematix,
SassyBlack, Chocolate
Chuck, 9 pm, \$5/\$8

★ COLUMBIA CITY
THEATER Debacle Fest
2015: Guests, 8 pm, \$15
for one day/\$20 for two day CONOR BYRNE Pampa, John Dillon, guests, 9 pm

O COUTH BUZZARD BOOKS ESPRESSO BUONO CAFE Acoustic Music of wfoundland

© CROCODILE Ryan Caraveo, Grynch, Romaro Franceswa, 8 pm, \$10 DARRELL'S TAVERN Lazy

O EL CORAZON Super FADO IRISH PUB Connor

HIGH DIVE Trip Like
Animals, Below Blackstar,
Intisaar, Blackwater Prophet HIGHLINE False, A God or an Other, Isenordal, Convictions, Tokul, 8 pm HIGHWAY 99 Studebaker John & the Hawks, 8 pm

O THE ISLAND GALLERY Julie Duke, 6 pm, free O JAZZ ALLEY Boney James JAZZBONES lya Terra, Valley Green, 8 pm, \$10/\$15

LO-FI Joy, Curse of the North, Sun Crow, guests MARS BAR Live Music ★ NECTAR Gift of Gab, Ayo Dot, guests, 8 pm, \$10 RE-BAR Quiver: Guests **RENDEZVOUS** Protycal

Thrashers Corner © ROLLING BAY HALL the Mama Rags, Fox and the Law, 8 pm, \$10/\$12 THE ROYAL ROOM En

Octycal, Gumshe

Canto, Anokye Agofomi O SALSA CONTODO Salsa con Todo Drop-In Classes and Social Dance

SEAMONSTER Live Funk **SHANTY TAVERN** Zooma Bella, Pleasure Island

DRUNK OF THE WEEK



CRAZY CHRIS AND EVERY SINGLE ONE OF CRAZY CHRIS'S FIREWORKS

ith it being the hottest Fourth of July in Seattle since 1972, I don't think there was a better place to spend the weekend than at the ocean's shore—specifically, at the beach in La Push, where temperatures were in the 70s and Crazy Chris (who sells fireworks from the front yard of his house) supplied hundreds with enough ammo to keep an amateur fireworks show going for almost five hours. And while mortars and artillery shells are probably better left to the "rad dads," there's nothing wrong with several whiskey shots and burning through a dozen boxes of sparklers. As Crazy Chris says, "May the Fourth Be with You!" KELLY O







THE CROCODILE

7/8 WEDNESDAY



Big Business Gavtheist, Savonara All Ages

7/9 **THURSDAY**



STG Presents:: The Griswolds

Wild Party All Ages

7/10 **FRIDAY**



Ryan Caraveo & ROAM Presents::

Rvan Caraveo Grynch, Romaro Franceswa All Ages



Do206 Presents::

Mealfrog

The Whiskey Syndicate, Jason Sees Band

7/11 SATURDAY

7/11

SATURDAY



The Crocodile Presents:

The Appleseed Cast @ The Sunset Adjy, The Coaster

7/14 **TUESDAY**



The Crocodile & Tractor Tavern Present::

Band of Heathens

Uncle Lucius All Ages







Sat 10/17 WILD CHILD



Sun 11/22 THE FALL OF TROY

UP & COMING EVERY MONDAY & TUESDAY LIQUID COURAGE KARAOKE 7/15 JOSH ABBOT BAND 7/16 POKEY LAFARGE 7/17 CLAP YOUR HANDS SAY YEAH 7/18 THE BOTH 7/19 YOUNG RISING SONS & HUNTER HUNTED 7/20 HEEMS @ CHOP SUEY 7/21 BEATROCK MUSIC 7/23 THE HUNTS 7/24 RISHLOO 7/25 RAIN CITY ROCK CAMP 7/30 MADCHILD 7/31 LANGHORNE SLIM & THE LAW 8/1 RAIN CITY ROCK CAMP 8/1 KEHLANI 8/2 CHAPPO 8/3 FATHER

2200 2ND AVE ★ CORNER OF 2ND & BLANCHARD TICKETS @ THECROCODILE.COM & THE CROCODILE BOX OFFICE ★ MORE INFO AT WWW.THECROCODILE.COM ★



★ THE SHOWBOX Jurassic 5, 7 pm, \$35/\$40 SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Jesica's Voices, Sightseer Spit in the Well, 9 pm, \$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Stereo Embers, Kim Virant, Radio Raheem, 9 pm SOUND CHECK BAR & **GRILL** Stackable Clowns substation Brad Yaeger and the Night Terrors, the Poetry Assassins, Patrick Nehoda, 5:30 pm

O SUMMIT AT **SNOQUALMIE** Chinook Fest

★ SUNSET TAVERN Trails and Ways, Goodbye Heart, & Yet, 9 pm, \$10

THEATER SCHMEATER Peanutty Goodness **TIM'S TAVERN** Maklak, Klaw, the Finger Guns TRACTOR TAVERN Honeyhoney, 9 pm, \$12 TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Danny Godinez, 5 pm, free; Roemen and the Whereabouts, 9 pm, free O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Ben Lee, guests VICTORY LOUNGE Bog
Oak, Catapult the Dead

VITO'S RESTAURANT & ★ ② WEST SEATTLE
JUNCTION West Seattle
SummerFest: free

O WESTLAKE PARK The

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Ron
Weinstein Trio, free
© CEDARBROOK LODGE Pearl Django, Forman & Finley, 5 pm, \$20/\$25 O SERAFINA Tim Kennedy Duo, 9 pm, free TULA'S Kelley Johnson Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$16

DJ

ASTON MANOR #AstonMob BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 BALTIC ROOM Fundamental **CUFF** DJ Night

FOUNDATION LOUDPVCK HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social

Chamber Music Society

88 KEYS Dueling Piano

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

PERFORMING ARTS Kohala,

BARBOZA Villagers: 7 pm,

O BIG AL BREWING The

BLUE MOON TAVERN The

Good Wives, the No Good Hearts, Buffalo Stagecoach 9:30 pm

CHAPEL PERFORMANCE

SPACE La Luna Tango: Daniel Stein, Carlin Ma, 7 pm, \$15 suggested dona-

CASINO Johnny and the Bad Boys, DJ Becka Page, 9 pm, \$5

CLUB HOLLYWOOD

Bad Things, 6 pm, free

O CENTRAL AVE PUB

7/11

Show: 8 pm, free

O BAINBRIDGE

★ COLUMBIA CITY
THEATER Debacle Fest
2015: Guests, \$15 for one
day/\$20 for two day KREMWERK Menag **CONOR BYRNE** Dirty **MERCURY** Illumination Bourbon River Show, Miss NEIGHBOURS Absolut Mamie Lavona the Exotic Mulatta and her White Boy Fridays: DJ Richard Dalton DJ Trent Von, 9 pm Band, 9 pm, \$10 **NEUMOS** Bootie Seattle PONY Shenanigans

CROCODILE Mealfrog, Whiskey Syndicate, Jas Sees Band, 8 pm, \$10 Q NIGHTCLUB Alex Bosi, Dshookz, guests DARRELL'S TAVERN R PLACE Swollen Fridays Norman Baker & the Backroads, Burley Mountain, SUBSTATION Wonderground Purty Mouth

© EL CORAZON Designer Disguise, Friends Like Enemies, Stronger Than Yesterday, guests, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$12; C Average, Grindylow, Skullbot, guests 9 pm, \$8 THERAPY LOUNGE Under ure: 9:30 pm, \$3 after 10:30 p.m TRINITY Playday **VERMILLION** The Jam

CLASSICAL FADO IRISH PUB The O BAINBRIDGE

PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

② GORGE AMPHITHEATRE
Zac Brown Band
★ ② GROUND ZERO BENAROYA HALL Seattle (BELLEVUE) Painters, Nixon Tooth, Abstract Friends, 7 pm, \$6

★ HIGH DIVE Grace Love,
DJ Shapeshifter, 9 pm, \$8
HIGHLINE Dispirit, lycus,
Void Wraith, Predatory Light, Void Wraith, Pr 9 pm, \$8/\$10

HIGHWAY 99 Chubby
Carrier & the Bayou Swamp
Band, 8 pm, \$20
D JAZZ ALLEY Boney
James: \$44.50

O LANGSTON HUGHES PERFORMING ARTS
INSTITUTE Do Peters

NECTAR Foreverland, 80s Invasion, Purple Mane

O NEPTUNE THEATRE The Helio Sequence, Wild Ones. Quarto Negro, 9 pm

★ NEUMOS Fox and the Law, the Young Evils, Kingdom of the Holy Sun Northwest Riders Car Show & Afterparty: DJ Michael 5000 Watts, Big Will, 5 O THE SHOWBOX
Acceptance, 9 pm, \$23 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE No

Cheese Please, British Racing Green, Jack Johnsor SOUND CHECK BAR & GRILL Jar of Flies Outshined, Scarecrov Messiah, 9 pm. \$10 **© STUDIO SEVEN** The Aristocrats, \$20/\$25

O SUMMIT AT

SNOQUALMIE Chinook Fest sunset tavern The

Appleseed Cast, Coaster, ADJY, 9 pm, \$15 THEATER SCHMEATER
Peanutty Goodness TIM'S TAVERN Roma

Ransom, MESSAGES TRACTOR TAVERN Minus 5, Graig Markel & the 88th St Band, Less Than Equals THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER The Von Trapps VARIOUS LOCATIONS
Ballard Seafood Fest:

victory lounge Bu Bronson & the Good Timers VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Casey MacGill,
Jerry Zimmerman, 6 pm, free

* © WEST SEATTLE
JUNCTION West Seattle
SummerFest: free

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Triangular O KERRY/PONCHO HALL Spiros Exaras & Elio Villafranca: 8 pm, \$9-\$18 O THE ROYAL ROOM New Radios, Klozd Sirkut, 9 pm suggested donation \$5-\$15 **SEAMONSTER** Jacques Willis, Shady Bottom, free TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Seabop, 9 pm, free TULA'S Jay Thomas' Horace Play, guests, 7:30 pm, \$16

DJ

95 SLIDE Good Saturdays **ASTON MANOR NRG** Saturdays: Guests BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave Saturdays: McClarron, Swel. BARBOZA Inferno: DJ

Swervewon, guests , 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10 after **CHOP SUEY** Dance Yourself

Clean: Guests. 9 pm. \$5: free before 10:30 p.m. CORBU LOUNGE Saturday Night Live: DJ BBov. DJ

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

WEDNESDAY 7/8 THEY! FUCKS SOME GENDER

Welcome to that ostensibly kinder, gen-

tler time of year. The Fourth has passed us by, our Pride hangovers are but a misty, throbbing memory, and summer mel-

lows into some serious livin'-is-easy times. But do the drag queens kick off their heels? Do the cage dancers **put** on some damn pants for a change? NEVER! And so let us dive right in and keep a-rolling in this big queer party we call life. We begin tonight, and let's make it quite simple. Do you, as the kids say, fuck the gender? Is ferocious androgyny your battle flag, your calling card,

your muse? Of course it is, and this new night is all about you, for you. Bless you. They! is a genderfuck/ gendergueer party with DJs Triton and Dana Dub. Kremwerk, 9 pm, 21+.

SATURDAY 7/11

FREAKUENCY... ON A BOAT

Oh, how I have fallen in love with this damn boat! (Can I marry a boat? Is the slope slippery enough yet?) I mean the Islander yacht, of course. And it's not only because some poor fool always seems to be barfing in a corner. (It's the hallmark of a quality event! Pro tip, though, pop some Dramamine anyway.) It just seems like a certain atmosphere is established by

having a boatload of beautiful people, all laughing and drinking and dancing and making out (seriously—if I haven't made out with you on this boat, you haven't been on it), far out on the open, um, lake. It's simply not an atmosphere

one can conjure in a regular old landlubbing club, hard as one might try. Today's event features some of our perennial favorites: the DJs Almond Brown and Riff-Raff, with DJs Dustin Move and Binaural—two for the upper deck, two down below, bless their hearts. It also features the human phenom that is Zak the Barber, the club star who seems to be making an incredible impact on any and all fun to

be had on these salty shores. The Islander Yacht, 3-7:30 pm, \$20, 21+.

BUST SOME BEER

And then! Once we de-yacht and catch our breath a bit (no chance!), there is just enough time for a refreshing disco nap (15 minutes, tops!) before we fancy ourselves up and away to fagtabulous Kremwerk (I just can't get enough of that place) for the **Bottom 40 Beer Bust**! Everything is beautiful and cheap there... the crowd, the boozes, the everything! And it's brought to you by Nark, Pavone, Hyasynth, and Spaceotter, so you know it's quality filth. Kremwerk, 7-10 pm. \$10, 21+.



HAVANA Viva Havana &

- **★** ISLANDER BOAT CRUISE Freakuency: DJ Riff-Raff, DJ Almond Brown, 3 pm, \$20 **★ KREMWERK** Beer Bust:
- Guests, \$10 ★ LO-FI Emerald City Soul
- Club
- MERCURY Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5 MONKEY LOFT Summe

Saturday 12 Hour Parties NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DI Randy Schlage

PONY Glitoris: R PLACE Therapy Saturday: DJ Flo'w

★ REVOLVER BAR Jazz
Brunch: Rob Femur, DJ Vice
Diamond, 11 am, free RUNWAY CAFE DJ David

SUBSTATION Deeper Roots: Uniting Souls, guests, 10 pm

TRINITY Reload Saturdays: DJ Nug, DJ Kidd, Rise Over Run, guests , \$15/free before 10 pm

CLASSICAL

MCCAW HALL The
Curtain Rises: Seattle Opera O OLYMPIC MUSIC FESTIVAL Olympic Mus Festival: \$20/\$30/\$32

SUN 7/12 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

★ BENAROYA HALL Brian

Wilson, Rodriguez, 8 pm **BLUE MOON TAVERN** The Zags, Sam Vicari

CAFE RACER The Racer Sessions, 7:30 pm, free CHOP SUEY The Burns, Loud Eyes, the Gallow Swings, the Navins, 4 pm, \$5

O CROCODILE The st, 7:30 pm, \$7

© EL CORAZON Dog Party, Pets, guests, 8 pm, \$8/\$10,;Kali Ra, Dionvox, 8:30 pm. \$8/\$10

★ ② FRYE ART MUSEUM Noise Yoga Presents Jason E Anderson: Jason E Anderson

HIGH DIVE Honor Among Thieves, Midnight Atmosphere, Life as Ciner Strange Lovers, 8 pm, \$7

O JAZZ ALLEY Boney

KELLS Liam Gallagher LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests,

• MAGNUSON PARK
Ultraviolet Uforia, Little
Sense, Town Hall Brawl,
Andy Coe

RENDEZVOUS X Suns, Barrows, guests, 9:30 pm **SEAMONSTER** Nathan Spicer Sessions: 10 pm,

SUBSTATION Charms, Reptilian Children, Tierra Magos, 8 pm

O SUMMIT AT SNOQUALMIE Chinook Fest Summit

TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Jonatha Brooke, 8 nm \$25-\$27

VARIOUS LOCATIONS Ballard Seafood Fest VICTORY LOUNGE Poney, Githyanki, Bereft, Franklin &

Bash, 9 pm, \$7

★ ② WEST SEATTLE
JUNCTION West Seattle erFest: free

★ ② WHITE RIVER AMPHITHEATRE J. Cole, Big Sean, YG, Jeremih • WOODLAND PARK ZOO
Indigo Girls: \$37.50

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions: Guests DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday Night Jazz Jam

O GATEWAY PARK SOUTH Doug Nufer and Wally Shoup: 8 pm, free HOPVINE PUB Miss Miller &

the Swells, free O THE ROYAL ROOM Skerik/Horvitz Project, 8

pm. free SEAMONSTER Luau Cinder,

Nathan Spicer, free ★ **② TULA'S** Jazz Police 3 pm, \$5; Jim Cutler Jazz Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection

CHOP SUEY Magic Potion **CONTOUR** Broken Grooves: Guests, free

CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm THE HIDEOUT DJ Night MERCURY Interzone: DJ Coldheart, 9 pm, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina

PONY TeaDance R PLACE Homo Hop

★ RE-BAR Flammable: DJ Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero, guests , 9 pm, \$10

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

FILM

O OLYMPIC MUSIC FESTIVAL Olympic Mus Festival: \$20/\$30/\$32

★ ② VARIOUS LOCATIONS
Music Under the Stars: Seattle Chamber Music Society, Through Aug 1. 7:15 pm, free

MON 7/13 LIVE

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, 8-11

AMERICANA Open Mic.

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Jerry Frank, 6 pm, free

* BARBOZA Eternal

Summers, Nic Hessler, 8 pm. \$10

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm

★ CENTRAL SALOON Pony Farm, Chung Antique, Sporting Goods, 9 pm CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam: 8:30 pm, free

KELLS Liam Gallagher MARYMOOR PARK David Gray, Amos Lee, 6 pm, \$49.50-\$89.50

MOLLY MAGUIRES Open Mic: Hosted by Tom Rooney,

SEAMONSTER The Halvornaughts substation Open Mic: Guests

THEATER SCHMEATER Peanutty Goodness TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Sessions, 9

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL

THURSDAY 7/9 **DETROIT TECHNO STAR KENNY** LARKIN'S NO JOKE

The Studio 4/4 crew brings in yet another Detroit techno legend, albeit a slightly lesser-known one, in Kenny Larkin. His profile may not be as high as the Belleville Three's or Carl Craig's, but Larkin (aka Dark Comedy, he also does stand-up) has a catalog that bursts with heady

and quirky dance-floor-fillers

dating back to his 1990 debut EP for Plus 8. We Shall Overcome (with MLK samples aplenty). Larkin's EPs for R&S and his Azimuth LP for Warp Records stand as some of the most texturally interesting and structurally sleek techno releases of the '90s. Even later efforts like 2008's Keys, Strings, Tambourines continue Larkin's quest to further the legacy of Detroit techno—whose '80s origins people tend to romanticize while giving short shrift to its newer expressions. Although Larkin's tracks steadfastly keep you moving, they also sound amazingly rich and fascinating on headphones or in your vehicle, while traveling at a sensible speed above the limit. With Super Flu, Sean Majors, and FooFou. Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$14, 21+.

SUNDAY 7/12

LOTUS GIVE PRAISE TO NOISE YOGA AND AVANT-GARDE COMPOSER JASON **E. ANDERSON**

Get up relatively early on a Sunday morning to do yoga while one of Seattle's most perverse and brainiest electronic musicians wreaks havoc on his synthesizers and computers—in a *museum*? You only go around once—why not? As bizarre, unique concepts go, Noise Yoga may take the biscuit. Jason E. Anderson, who also runs the excellent DRAFT label and played with Jamie Potter in the outstanding cosmic-synth duo



Brother Raven, privileges unpredictability and extreme tonalities in his freewheeling compositions, which could be a pain in your asana—or a chakra to your system. Frye Art Museum, 11:15 am-noon, \$15, all ages.

TUESDAY 7/14

THE STRANGE ELECTRONIC TANGENTS OF ZEEKO, BANKIE PHONES, AND **ROMAN ZAWODNY**

Tuesday nights are well suited for weird ambient and abstract electronic music. They're traditionally dead zones for entertainment, so attendance expectations are low, making venues keener to take a chance on adventurous music. Respect to Vermillion for hosting this bill of local left-field musicians. Zeeko-who, to my shame, has escaped my radar until nowcreates an intriguing fusion of alitchy electronics and opaque post rock, like a lower-fidelity To Rococo Rot. Longtime Data Breaker favorite Bankie Phones is the guy who should be behind the decks or keyboards if you want your party to go off on wittily goofy electro/techno tangents. Check his SoundCloud for über-fun sonic bounty and the funniest track titles in the biz. DJ/producer Roman Zawodny has a black belt in squelchy, tectonic-plate-shifting techno. Let's hope Vermillion's system is up to the challenge.

With Kindness, Vermillion, 8 pm, \$5, 21+.







THU 7/9 FRI 7/10 SAT 7/11 THU 7/16 FRI 7/17 SAT 7/18

FALSE PROPHET MENAGERIE NEW! BOTTOM FORTY (BEER BUST) **GOLDEN GARDENS** IN (DARKNESS & DECADENCE) TRANSFABULOUS GIRL BYE JOUEER HIP-HOPS

MINOR AVE

STICKERS / SAYONARA / VOX VESPERTINUS / KATE DANIMALISTIC PARTY SEAN MAJORS / GENE LEE / BGEEZ PEZZNER & HYASYNTH (n-bar) + PATIO \$1 BEERS 7PM (RECORD RELEASE) SATSUMA (POX) / KA / RED RIBBON / (D.) ELLE) DUEER CABARETI A CELEBRATION OF CHERRY SUR BETE! RIFF-RAFF / DJ GENERAL MEOW / REVEREND DOLLARS

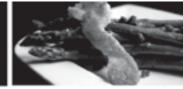
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1808

SAT 7/18

OPEN TUE-SAT AT 4 & SUN AT 3 LATE NITE DINING AWARD-WINNING COCKTAILS DAILY HAPPY HOUR









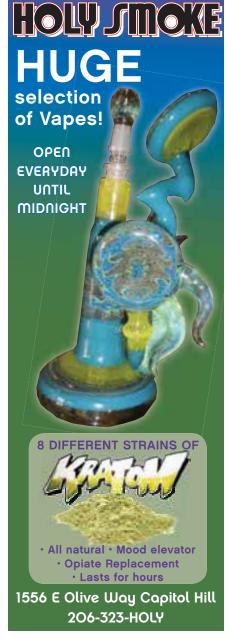


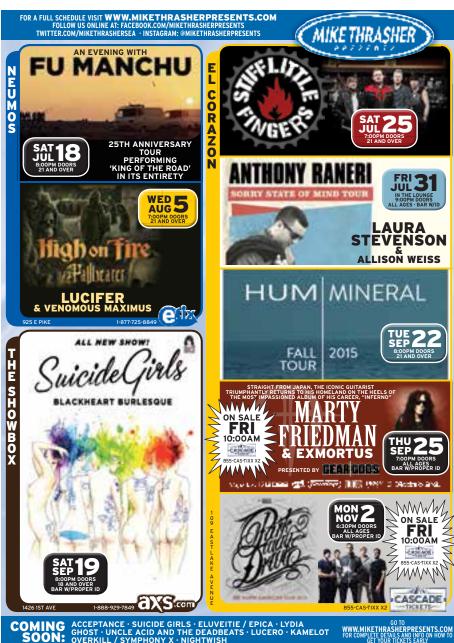
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JAZZ

★ ② THE ROYAL ROOM Josh Deutsch & Nico Soffiato, guests, 8 pm TULA'S Frank Kohl Trio :30 pm, \$10

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman, DJ Element, 9 pm

- ★ BAR SUE Motown on Mondays: dj100proof, Supreme La Rock, DJ Sessions, Blueyedsoul, 10 pm, free
- **★ ② FREMONT ABBEY** No Lights No Lycra
- **★ THE HIDEOUT** Industry MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday: DJ Swervewon, Jeff Hawk, DJ Henski, 10
- ★ RE-BAR Collide-O-Scope

CLASSICAL

WESTLAND DISTILLERY Scots Baroque Music and Whiskey Tasting: Early Music Underground, 7 pm. \$30

TUES 7/14 LIVE

O AMBER RESTAURANT Folias, 6 pm, \$10 for tango class and practice/\$5 dance only/free to watch

AOUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

★ BARBOZA Marriages

© CAFE CAMPAGNE
Bastille Day Celebration: 4 CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse

CHOP SUEY Pete Quirk,
John Atkins, Robin Peringer, 8 pm, \$7

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER
The Best Open Mic Ever CONOR BYRNE Country Dancing Night: 9 pm

CROCODILE Band of

Heathens, Uncle Lucius **EL CORAZON** The Harmless Doves, guests, 9 pm, \$6/\$8

HIGH DIVE Vandella. Happy Times Sad Times, Planet of Giants, 8 pm, \$6 O IBM PLAZA the Side

J&M CAFE All-Star Acoustic Tuesdays: Guests, 9 pm O JAZZ ALLEY Bassekou KELLS Liam Gallagher O KENT STATION Jessica

LO-FI Snaketopus, Dacha, guests , 9 pm, \$5 **NECTAR** Left Coast Country, the Student Loan, Arthur Lee Band, 8 pm, \$7

★ ○ NEPTUNE THEATRE Graham Nash, 8 pm PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free THE ROYAL ROOM The Tuttles, 7 pm, donation
SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB

Baby Ketten Karaoke: 9 pm, free TIM'S TAVERN Open Mic:

TRACTOR TAVERN The Banditos, 9 pm, \$10
TRIPLE DOOR

MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Sundae and Mr. Goessl, 8 pm, free

- ★ **②** THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Steeleye Span, Maddy Prior, 7:30 pm
- O VERA PROJECT Mixtape Minus, Ghoulish, Sun Dummy, Emily Clementine, 7:30 pm, \$5
- ★ VERMILLION Zeeko Roman Zawodny, Bankie Phones, Kindness, 8 pm,

O WESTLAKE PARK Dancing Til Dusk: Dina Blade, Swingin' in the Rain Quintet, 7 pm, free

JAZZ

OWL N'THISTLE Jazz with Eric Verlinde: 9 pm, free

TULA'S Emerald City Jazz
Orchestra, 8 pm, \$8

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays

BLUE MOON TAVERN
Blue Moon Vinyl Revival
Tuesdays: DJ Country Mike,
A.D.M., guests, 8 pm, free CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX Wave & Goth

darrell's tavern DJ Wade T, free HAVANA Real Love '90s

BlesOne, Jay Battle, \$3; free before 11 p.m. MERCURY Die: Black Maru, Major Tom, \$5

NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up: Vogue: DJ Lightray ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays Guests, free

CLASSICAL

O BAINBRIDGE PERFORMING ARTS Movie Music Live: Bainbridge Symphony Orchestra

NAKED CITY BREWERY & TAPHOUSE The Priest the Nun, and the Superstar: Aaron Westman and Henry Lebedinsky, 7 pm, \$20

POSTER OF THE WEEK



irst of all, the pitchfork is a very clever image for a band called Villagers. Secondly, I'm a sucker for the vaguely 1990s, Jeff Kleinsmith-like look of those flames. See more good stuff at tinvlittlehammers.com. AARON HUFFMAN

> **Villagers** w/Silver Torches Sat July 11. Barboza





AMY The fragility of sobriety, the thievery of addiction.

Who Killed Amy Winehouse?

The Powerful New Documentary Amy Holds Us All Accountable BY LINDSAY HOOD

my Winehouse died, and we all just watched. If there's one takeaway from the new documentary Amy, it's that our consumption of media related to her addiction played an active role

Amy

dir. Asif Kapadia

in her death. Directed by Asif Kapadia and produced by James Gay-Rees—the same team responsible for the 2010 documentary Senna (also about a famous person's death) the film successfully demystifies the singer's membership in the infamous "27

Club." Throughout the film it becomes clear that Winehouse's death was avoidable, but certain parties always seemed to circum-

vent her requests for help during a relapse. A large portion of the blame is placed on the shoulders of Winehouse's parents, particularly those of her father. Mitch Winehouse, who left the family to marry his mistress when Amy was 10 years old. (Shortly afterward, she began to struggle with bulimia and continued to do so until she died.)

Although Kapadia began the project with the blessing of both parents, they've since disowned the film. (Their spokesperson told the Guardian, "It is both misleading and contains some basic untruths.") But multiple interviews with friends—including Winehouse's first manager, Nick Shymansky, her two childhood girlfriends Juliette Ashby and Lauren Gilbert, and her drug counselor Chip Somers—recall times when they begged both her parents and her management to keep Winehouse from touring (even going so far as to steal her passport), only to be told the star had gigs to play and money to make.

Janis and Mitch Winehouse both appear defensive in the film, quick to cite their daughter's independent spirit and stubbornness. In that same Guardian interview, Mitch blames

Amy's subsequent manager, Raye Cosbert, for facilitating her extensive travels. Toward the end of the film, we see footage of Amy Winehouse's final concert, on June 18, 2011—only a month before her death—in Belgrade, Serbia.

She appears intoxicated and refuses to sing, and the audience finally boos her offstage. The press was quick to turn it into a viral spectacle. But it makes a difference to

hear her friends recount how Winehouse was bundled onto a plane by Cosbert while passed out after an alcohol binge. (She'd apparently told him multiple times to cancel the show.) For his part, Cosbert disowns any responsibility for Winehouse's addiction, calling it "the responsibility of the family."

But the assignment of blame is not this documentary's most important function. Not by a long shot.

The recollections of Winehouse's friends and the footage of young, pre-beehive Amy—are the film's real center. They overshadow any commentary from her evercreepy ex-husband Blake Fielder-Civil (who admits on camera that he is responsible for her first-time use of both crack cocaine and heroin). His presence is necessary, but, in a refreshing change of pace for Winehouserelated stories, their relationship does not take center stage. A more lasting impression comes from home videos of Winehouseyoung and fresh-faced and joking with Shymansky—on the promotional tour for her first album, Frank. The clips and pictures provided by Ashby and Gilbert of Winehouse

in high school—and their continued dialogue about her jokes and pranks-help piece together the sense of loss felt by the people who knew and loved her.

Once this light has been cast on Winehouse's personality, it's easier to understand the need to hold someone accountable for her death. Yes, she had enormous talent. But even without the soulful voice, this was

It's easy to understand the need to hold someone accountable for Winehouse's death.

a special person. She's owed more than the public perceptions of her sordid demise.

Amy presents two truly chilling moments about Winehouse's addiction and its public perception. When Shymansky addresses her hit single "Rehab," he recalls how they staged an intervention for Winehouse after her initial breakup with Fielder-Civil. It obviously did not play out the way they'd intended. Shymansky cites this as a defining moment, a distinct point where Winehouse's life could have taken a different turn. He says, "The world wouldn't have gotten Back to Black, but she would have had a chance to deal with her issues before the world wanted a piece of her." It's the origin story of the album and the beginning of the singer's downfall rolled into one sad memory. The other occurs the night of the 2008 Grammy Awards, at which Winehouse won record of the year for "Rehab." We see her happy and smiling, enamored with her idol Tony Bennett's announcement of her victory. But in a voice-over, her friend Juliette Ashby recalls how the singer pulled her to the side of the stage and said words that cut straight to the fragility of sobriety and the thievery of addiction: "Jules, this is so boring without drugs."

The truly alarming footage is of the UK paparazzi that constantly surrounded Winehouse once she was a star. Swarms of photographers mobbed the singer whenever she went anywhere-screaming, mocking, and cajoling her to pose for the camera under the continuous glare of flashbulbs. We see the pandemonium that went into each tabloid photo and every mocking editorial. The film highlights our inability to treat addicts as humans with a disease. Instead, we cast them as lowlifes and failures. If they're famous? Even better! We prop them up, engage in ritualistic schadenfreude, and publicly humiliate them. While some members of her inner circle might have treated her like a cash cow, we treated Amy Winehouse—a person clearly in desperate need of help—like our own personal entertainment

As I left the theater, all I could think of was all the Amy Winehouse costumes I saw people wearing on Halloween of 2007. Photos of the singer following a domestic-disturbance incident between her and then-husband had spread all over the internet in August. Two months later, smudged winged eyeliner, cheap beehive wigs, torn white tank tops spattered with fake blood, and poorly drawn "tattoos" scrawled down biceps were all the rage. There was at least one Amy Winehouse at every party I attended.

And I laughed. ■

Attention Must Be Paid to The Tribe

The Unsubtitled Ukrainian Bummer with an All-Deaf Cast Is Grim but Worth It

BY KATHY FENNESSY

ttention must be paid when a film as formally audacious as The Tribe

Debut feature director Myroslav Slaboshpytskiy made it with an all-deaf cast and chose to forgo narration and subtitles. Even knowledge of American Sign Language won't help, since the action takes place in the Ukraine, though the untrained actors

The Tribe dir. Myroslav Slaboshpytskiy Northwest Film Forum

communicate just fine through their gestures and body movements. The central character, Sergey (Grigoriy

Fesenko), kicks the story into motion when he arrives at a boarding school at which the students make all their own rules, and the teachers either don't know or don't care.

After a rough initiation, Sergey finds his niche as a pimp for two girls (including the excellent Yana Novikova) who double



THE TRIBE Tough medicine.

as truck-stop prostitutes. In the process of following this narrative thread, the film brings to mind the tough medicine of Vera Drake and 4 Months, 3 Weeks, and 2 Days. In other words, it offers a vivid argument for the necessity of safe, legal, affordable abortion. The already grim story only gets grimmer as Italian passports and wooden mallets come into play.

Some deaf viewers have taken offense at the venal world Slaboshpytskiy depicts, and their concerns are understandable, but in his own brutal way, the director makes a compelling case for better training and education so hellholes like the school in this film won't exist. ■

Why so glum, chum? Come to

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FRI JULY 10 - THU JULY 16



EGYPTIAN

When Marnie Was There

NOW PLAYING | EXCLUSIVE!

The gorgeous new animated film from Studio Ghibli (*Spirited Away*), winner of 2015 SIFF Films4Families Youth Jury Award. Presented in both subtitled and dubbed versions, visit SIFF.net for details.

MIDNIGHT ADRENALINE

We Are Still Here

JULY 10 & 11

Barbara Crampton takes on vengeful spirits in this terrifying tribute to Italian haunted house horrors. "Pure, unqualified carnage... A wall-shaking bloodbath!" - Badass Digest

COMING SOON

SAT JULY 18 I MIDNIGHT Rocky Horror Picture Show

OPENS JULY 24 **Tangerine**



UPTOWN 511 QUEEN ANNE AVE N

Grey Gardens

OPENS JULY 10 | ONE WEEK ONLY Albert and David Maysles' classic 1976 film returns in a newly restored edition.

Me and Earl and the Dying Girl

NOW PLAYING

Sundance Grand Jury Prize and Audience Award winner! "Funny, hip, touching and utterly irresistible." - New York Post

HELD OVER | ONE MORE WEEK!

The Overnight & Dope

STAGE TO SCREEN | Starring Helen Mirren

NT Live: The Audience

FRI JULY 10 & SUN JULY 12 | ENCORE!

AONO JIKKEN ENSEMBLE PRESENTS

A Story of Floating Weeds SAT JULY 11

Yasujiro Ozu's silent classic with live score and traditional benshi narration



FILM CENTER

Czech That Film JULY 10 – 12

The newest and greatest films celebrating the variety of Czech cinema

STAGE TO SCREEN

NT Live: Behind the Beautiful Forevers

JULY 14 – 19 A richly detailed insight into life in the slums of Mumbai.

SIFF EDUCATION

Crash Filmmaking for Youth

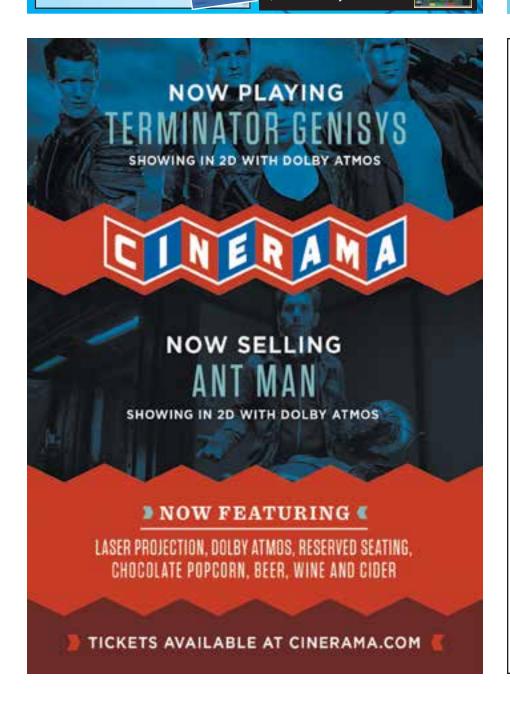
7/11, 8/8, & 8/22 | AGE 9 AND UP Can you create a compelling, cohes film in just eight hours?

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LIMITED RUN

*** BACK TO THE FUTURE**

The film that Stephen Hawking doesn't want you to see, Back to the Future has presented humanity with some of its most baffling temporal conundrums. Who really wrote "Johnny B. Goode"? Were moms once hot? Will we need roads in the future? Magnuson Park, Thurs July 9 at 7 pm.

★ ELF

In which Will Ferrell plays a grown man who has spent his entire life laboring under the delusion that he's one of Santa's elves. The side effects of this include a deeply ingrained sense of whimsy and a proclivity for concentrated sugars. Zooey Deschanel sings. Fremont Outdoor Cinema, Fri July 10 at 7 pm.

THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS/ DEATH RACE 2000

Don't miss this double feature of the cult classic *Death* Race 2000 and the arguable modern classic *The Fast* and the Furious. #VroomVroom. King's Hardware, Sun July 12 at sundown.

FELT

If you want to watch *Felt* as a great film, here's what you must do: Enter the Grand Illusion, take a seat, and at the moment the picture starts, set your smartphone's timer to vibrate furiously in 58 minutes and 40 seconds. When the alarm goes off, leave the theater as fast as you can. You really do not want to make the mistake of seeing a minute more of this movie, which is so compelling up to this point. The rest of it, which runs for a very long and tedious 20 minutes, is a right and confused mess. This first part of this film involves a young woman and artist, Amy (Amy Everson), who has experienced something really horrible and violent. We never know exactly what happened to her, but it is

clear it was a sex crime. The violence of that experience knocked her completely out of the world, out of normal relationships, and into a dark place where she is very much alone and survives by processing and warping the social and cultural structures of human sexuality with her

social and cultural structures of human sexuality with her art. She has a friend who wants her to get her life back, to become normal again, and to go out on dates. But the men she meets at bars are not just creeps, but they have no idea they are creeps. For them, it's fine to threaten a woman if it is deserved and making rape jokes shows that one has a healthy sense of humor. Amy eventually meets a man, Kenny (Kentucker Audley), who appears to be sensitive, makes no rape jokes, and appreciates her weird (but not very original) art. Amy's mood improves considerably; things are looking up for once. And that is the end of the good movie, which also has lots of great lines, performances,

and cinematography. As for the rest of *Felt*, it inexplicably enters horror territory, horror in the woods, horror with big scissors. And what exactly is wrong with that? Please, do not see for yourself. Just trust me, and leave the theater. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Grand Illusion, Fri 7, 9 pm, Sat 5, 7, 9 pm, Sun 5, 7 pm, Mon-Wed 8 pm.

TESTAMENT OF YOUTH

A respectful, romantically hued British period drama based on the WWI memoir of Vera Brittain, who was proclaimed the voice of a generation and a celebrated pacifist. Actress of the moment Alicia Vikander is all dead eyes and sulking as Brittain, whether entwined romantically with young soldier Roland Leighton (Kit Harington, disarmingly baby-faced without his *Game of Thrones* beard), facing off against her Oxford mentor (Miranda Richardson), or mopping up wounded soldiers as a war nurse. It's a well-made and almost scholarly film, though it provokes relatively little passion, given its subject. (MARJORIE SKINNER) Guild 45th, Fri-Sun 2:20, 5:10, 8 pm, Mon-Tues 5:10, 8 pm.

ZOOLANDER QUOTE-ALONG

As the great Jennie Garth said in her classic workout tape, *Body in Progress*, "You know what I'm doing—just follow along!": "What is this? A center for ants?" "They're in the computer?" "A eugoogoolizer... one who speaks at funerals." Central Cinema, Fri-Tues 9:30 pm.

NOW PLAYING

★ DOPE

A smarter, sweeter, and much better-acted movie in the tradition of *Friday* and *House Party*, *Dope* follows three nerdy, 1990s-obsessed teenagers of color trying to survive a wild adventure after one of the teens, Malcolm, ends up

with a backpack full of drugs that he's forced to get rid of before it ruins his Harvard dreams. Like *Friday*, this is a movie that people of all races will likely enjoy, but not everyone will be in on all the jokes. The humor is quick, with a Black Twitter feel light-handed and pretty

a Black Twitter feel, light-handed and pretty consistent throughout the entire movie. This is a decidedly black film, but in 2015, it's been expanded to a more modern definition of blackness. Mixed-race kids, queer brown kids, light-skinned kids-their blackness is never questioned (with the exception of one hilarious scene where the teen's white friend questions why he can't say "the N-word" while teen Jib can). The one area where, sadly, Dope doesn't improve upon the black coming-of-age films of the '90s is in its portrayal of women. With the exception of Diggy (Kiersey Clemons), whose queer character matches her friends in their objectification of women, the women in this movie are prizes and sex objects. So when I say that I loved this



BREAKING: THE SUN IS HOT

Dear sun: I didn't sign up for this. When you said you were gonna be "hot" this summer, I assumed that meant you were going to be as warm as your previous 4.567 billion years of existence. But apparently, that isn't the case! You are waaaaay hotter this year, which made me look you up on the internet to see just exactly how hot you are. And guess what I found out? That, at your core, your temperature is 27 million degrees Fahrenheit.

WHAAAAAT THAAA FAAAAAAAACKK????
Since when do you suddenly get to
decide you're gonna turn the heat up to 27
million degrees? If you're cold, PUT ON A
GODDAMN SWEATER! There is NO REASON to make the rest of us suffer because
your nips are sticking up!

You're feeling a bit chilly? Well, let me tell you about MY situation. Currently, my home feels like a windowless metal box in the middle of Death Valley with 27 hair dryers pointed directly at it. And even though I am completely nude, I feel like someone put a curling iron on its highest setting, covered it in hot coals, and then stuck it inside my ass along with three pounds of ghost peppers. (The reason they're called "ghost peppers" is because they died from overheating and now haunt the buttholes of whoever eats them.)

In fact, I am SO HOT, my body can no longer maintain its physical shape and has *literally* melted into a viscous puddle

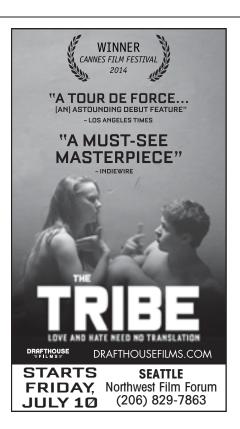
on the floor, comprising 89 percent sweat, 2 percent water, and 9 percent Mike's Hard Lemonade (mixed with a squirt of heroin).

Luckily for YOU, sun, I have a television to distract me from your sweltering torture, and I can recommend the following shows to any of my fellow earthlings who find themselves in a similar state of scorching solar persecution. BEHOLD...

- Mr. Robot (USA, Wed July 8, 10 pm): This is clearly the STUPIDEST name for a sci-fi show since Manimal—however! This stupidly named show is actually an engrossing cyber thriller about a socially stunted hacker who finds himself embroiled in a worldwide techno-conspiracy. It makes some keen observations about the world we live in, it's got the creepy flair of the great British show Black Mirror, and other than the fact it's on the USA network and costars Christian Slater, it is HOT. Not 27 million degrees hot... but hot.
- 7 Days in Hell (HBO, Sat July 11, 10 pm): Speaking of hot, hell is hot—and former SNL cast member Andy Samberg and Game of Thrones' Kit Harington are going through seven days of it in this HBO sports mockumentary about two fictional Wimbledon players playing an interminable weeklong tennis match. And speaking of interminable, I'm hot, and the sun doesn't give a shit.
- Masters of Sex (Showtime, Sun July 12, 10 pm): This horny dramatization of real-life sex researchers Masters and Johnson returns for a third season, and while their on-again, off-again affair is heating up, so are the sex lives of their spurned spouses! (FYI, when I have sex, I heat up to 27 million and ONE degrees. Suck it, sun!) ■

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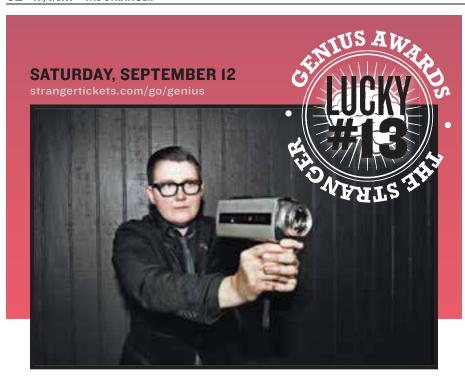
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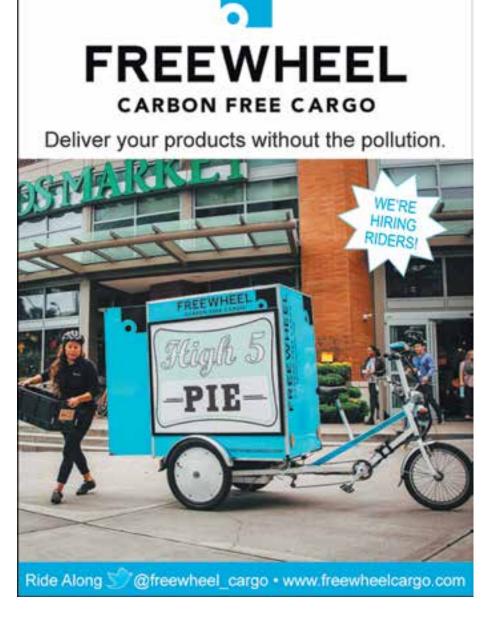
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film, understand how good the rest of it must have been in order for me, as a proud feminist, to still recommend it. Even with the great big F this film would get on the Bechdel test, it is still a smart and funny representation of black male teens today. Great cameos by A\$AP Rocky, Allen Maldonado, and Quincy Brown add a lot of fun to the film. But the best asset of *Dope* is the fantastic acting of newcomer Shameik Moore as Malcolm. With a quick stutter or a look in his eyes, he can convincingly portray the awkward stumbling into adulthood that I see in my own teenage son. I would have loved to have seen that same honesty in the portrayals of young black women, too. (IJEOMA OLUO) Various locations.

INSIDE OUT

If you've seen the trailers, then the basic plot may remind you of that early-'90s Fox sitcom *Herman's Head*, in which four little characters—representing Herman's psyche—controlled his actions from inside his brain. *Inside Out* is almost exactly like that... except 50,000 times smarter, funnier, and more heartfelt. Eleven-year-old Riley (voiced by Kaitlyn Dias) has experienced a seemingly perfect childhood... until her father is forced to uproot the family and move them to San Francisco. (It's important to note that *Inside Out*'s version of San Francisco is unlike any romantic, cinematic representation of the city you've ever seen. Here it looks more like Detroit. Circa 1985. Not good.) The little characters controlling Riley's emotions from inside her head are voiced by a laundry list of comedians (most of whom are voiced by a laundry list of comedians (most of whom were graciously provided by NBC sitcoms): Amy Poehler represents Joy, a perky sprite who spins every potentially bad memory into something positive, while Phyllis Smith is Sadness, who's basically a genetic mutation of Debbie Downer and Velma from Scooby-Doo. The remaining emotions include Mindy Kaling as the sarcastically vain Disgust, Bill Hader as the jittery Fear, and comedian Lewis Black basically playing himself as the hotheaded Anger. Inside Out contains some of the smartest one-liners you'll hear all year. But at its heart, the movie is a poignant look at that tender moment in time when a child makes the at that tender moment in time when a child makes the difficult transition into pubescence—when they first discover that uncomfortable juncture between happiness and ss which adults call "bittersweet" (WM, STEVEN HUMPHREY) Various locations.

* MAGIC MIKE XXL

Do we need to see this same cast of beefheads grind on each other some more, but with higher stakes? Does anyone need more of this? Answers: Yes and OMG YES. FUCK YES. SO MUCH. Channing Tatum returns as Mike Lane, the stripper with a wang of gold. Three years after the first film, Mike's now running his own custom furniture business and wears shirts to his job. Then his old stripper-sorry, MALE ENTERTAINER—pals call him up for a road trip to a stripper convention in Myrtle Beach! Chatum balks for all of four seconds, and then away they go. I loved every second of *Magic Mike XXL* because I love dancing and hot guys and glitter. But I also loved it because it's important to this moment in society. Instead of seeing women as nothing but orifices and/or nags, the dudes of MMXXL worship them.
During their panty-moistening dance routines, Magic Mike
& Co. grind on women of all colors and shapes, and not one would pinch his nose while burying it in some lady's crotch. When the dudes ask each other about their sexual conquests, they ask, "She bang you?" instead of "You fuck her?" These dudes consciously make the man the pas party, and the woman the doer. People, this is PROGRESS!
And not only that, but while these men surely recognize the homoeroticism of what they do, there isn't a single gay joke to be found in *Magic Mike XXL*. It is the most pro-woman, anti-homophobia film I've seen in a long time. The fact that it's loaded with hot dudes and dance numbers... well, that's nice too. (ELINOR JONES) Various locations.

* THE OVERNIGHT

Have you guys ever had those nights where you stick around some probably horrible people because you're already kinda drunk and there might be fun drugs coming and if nothing else this could make for a good story? Now imagine doing that in your mid-30s, at your kid's first playdate in a new town. Welcome to *The Overnight*. Alex (Adam Scott) and Emily (Taylor Schilling) are two white people who, along with their kid, have recently moved from Seattle to Los Angeles. Their kid meets another kid at a park, whose father is Kurt (Jason Schwartzman), a white man in a whose father is Kurt (Jason Schwartzman), a white man in a large hat who declares himself "basically the mayor of the neighborhood." Jason Schwartzman invites his new pals over for dinner with his family. Despite Jason Schwartzman obviously being *fucking awful*, the starved-for-friends Alex and Emily accept, and arrive to Kurt's mansion to meet him and his wife, Charlotte (Judith Godrèche). They eat pizza, get drunk, and put the kids to bed, and then things get weird. Scott and Schilling are wonderful to watch, and perfect guides to the land of wealthy hipster eccentricity. (That isn't a place anybody should ever want to visit—but once you're there, it's annoyingly hard to look away.) So while you might think you have no interest in watching a group of white people whose struggles seem limited to dick group or writte people wriose struggles seem limited to disk size, butt stuff, and determining who hates their marriage the most, I'm still gonna recommend you experiment with The Overnight. It's not always fun, but it does make for a memorable evening. (ELINOR JONES) Various locations.

TERMINATOR GENISYS

TERMINATOR GENISYS
The project of the new Terminator film, Terminator Genisys—which is the fifth film in the series, as well as a kind of reboot—is to solve the terrible problem of John Connor's loopiness. At the level of plot, the film attempts to resituate the war to and confine it in the normal dimensions of space. True, humans cannot win the war without the crazy inter-dimensional element, but (and here's the rub) peace can only be reached in standard space-time. The solution? The humans attempt to overwhelm John's loop with even more loops. As a result, *Genisys*, written by Laeta Kalogridis and Patrick Lussier, is not easy to follow. The primary 1984to 2029 loop established in James Cameron's immortal original film is challenged and intersected by other and sometimes even larger loops that are trying to free the future from the curse of John's loop. Indeed, watching Genisys—which is nowhere near as good as the first two in the series but is by no means as bad as the last two—is like listening to a fugue by Bach (check out "Die Kunst der Fuge"). (CHARLES MUDEDE) Various locati

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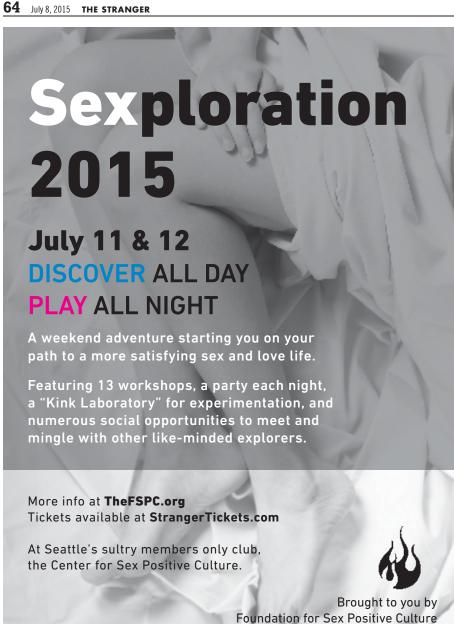
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- 1. Described as Lot 5, Block 95, Gilman Park, According to the plat thereof recorded in volume 3 of Plats, page 40 record of king County, Washington, less recorded easements, Parcel # 276780-0025. Under the original, certified LAND PATENT #293, Dated July 11th 1864. As recorded March 9th, 2015, DECLARATION OF ASSIGNEES UPDATE OF PATENT, King County Recorder's # 201510309000840.
- 2. Described as: the West 64 feet of Lots 1 and 2, Block 10, University Lake Shore Addition, Division 1,2 and 3, according to the Plat thereof recorded in Volume 18 of Plats, Page 81, records of King County Washington, Parcel # 882090-0993. Under the original Land Patent #3836 dated, August 10th 1872. As recorded March 9th, 2015, DECLARATION OF ASSIGNEES UPDATE OF PATENT, King County Recorder's # 20150309000838.
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Center for Sex Positive Culture





Wii Wednesday

BOOZE/GAMES Wed July 8, Sake Nomi (76 S Washington St)

Pioneer Square's best (only?) sake bar/ shop, Sake Nomi, hosts a weekly Wii battle for those of us who have that kind of skill. Wii games are kind of hard, right? RIGHT? If worse comes to worst, you can just drink and watch!

Nearby snack: Delicatus (103 First Ave S) is self-described as "a Seattle delicatessen," and they boast a huge menu of sandwiches (and soups and salads) (but mostly sandwiches) (many, many sandwiches).

Myth & Magic Faire

FAIRE July 10–12, EMP Museum (325 Fifth Ave N)

Hark! Three days of wonder and whimsy await thee at the Myth & Magic Faire! Friday: a 30th-anniversary screening of the 1985 fantasy adventure film Legend (Tim Curry!). Saturday: a medieval-style wizard's feast with unlimited drink, followed by a masquerade ball. Sunday: family-friendly daytime activities from sword fighting to crafts to unicorn care. A great costume op if

Nearby snack: WIZARD'S FEAST, I SAID.

Seattle Outdoor Theater Festival

THEATER July 11–12, Volunteer Park (1247 15th Ave E)

Shakespeare and other fine theater, in the park, for free! Outdoor plays are cool because you can (politely) vape up a storm and it's less panic-inducing if you have to (politely) get up to pee.

Nearby snack: Saturday, July 11, is FREE SLURPEE DAY at 7-Eleven! Piña colada is the finest of the flavors, followed by Dr. Pepper and Sour Patch Kids Watermelon. Since we're already here, the 7-Eleven brand s'mores ice-cream sandwiches are also a delight, and this is off topic (or is it?), but the 7-Eleven brand toilet paper is actually kinda fancy. It's called 7-Select®.

Noise Yoga

YOGA Sun July 12, Frye Art Museum (704 Terry Ave)

Explore meditation and movement in a unique sonic environment with Noise Yoga, a twice-a-month summer program that pairs live experimental music with gentle Hatha yoga—all inside of the Frve Art Museum! The classes are led by ace yogi Emily Denton (of Poseurs yoga series and zine, the band Stickers, and apparel company Actual Pain), accompanied this week by ambient synth master Jason E. Anderson. Register in advance on the Frve website to secure a spot! Namaste, kind bud.

Nearby snack: Kafe Berlin (613 Ninth Ave) serves sandwiches, pastries, coffee, and a selection of wursts and other tubed meats (for *after* yoga). ■

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of July 8

ARIES (March 21-April 19): How can you fulfill your potential as an Aries? What strategies will help you become the best Aries you can possibly be? Now is an excellent time to meditate on these riddles. One of my Aries readers, Mickki Langston, has some stellar tips to inspire you: (1) One of your greatest assets is your relentless sense of purpose. Treasure it. Stav connected to it. Draw on it daily. (2) Love what you love with pure convicti because there is no escaping it. (3) Other people may believe in you, but only some-times. That's why you should unfailingly believe in yourself. (4) It's your duty and your destiny to continually learn more about how to be a leader. (5) Don't be about now to be a leader. (5) boilt be a confused by other people's confusion. (6) Your best friend is the Fool, who will guide you to laughter and humility when you need it most, which is pretty much all of the time

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): While making a long trek through the desert on a camel, British author Somerset Maugham passed the time by reading Marcel Proust's novel In Search of Marcel Proust's novel in Search of Lost Time. After finishing each page, Maugham ripped it out and cast it away. The book weighed less and less as his journey progressed. I suggest that you consider a similar approach in the coming weeks, Taurus. As you weave your way toward your next destination, shed the accessories and attachments you don't ab-solutely need. Keep lightening your load.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): "I have gathrered about me people who understand how to translate fear into possibility," writes John Keene in his story "Acroba-tique." I'd love to see you do the same, Gemini. From an astrological perspective, now is a favorable time to put your worries and trepidations to work for you. You have an extraordinary capacity to use your doubt and dread to generate opportunities. Even if you go it alone, you can accomplish minor miracles, but why not dare to think even bigger? Team up with brave and resourceful allies who want to translate fear into possibility, too.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): When nov elist John Irving begins a new book, his first task is to write the last line of the last page. Then he writes the second-to-last line. He continues to work backward for a while until he has a clear understanding of the way his story will end. Right now, Cancerian, as you hatch your next big phase of development, I invite you to borrow Irving's approach. Visualize in de-

tail the blossoms that will eventually come from the seeds you're planting. Create a vivid picture of the life you will be living when your plans have fully ripened.

LEO (July 23–Aug 22): You have cosmic permission to lose your train of thought, forget about what was so seriously important, and be weirdly amused by interportant, and be weirdiy amused by inter-esting nonsense. If stress addicts nag you to be more responsible, tell them that your astrologer has authorized you to ignore the pressing issues and wander off in the direction of nowhere in particular. Does that sound like a good plan? It does to me. For now, it's your sovereign right to be a wise and innocent explorer with nothing much to do but wonder and daydream and play around.

VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22): Even the most provocative meme cannot literally cause the internet to collapse from overuse. It's true that photos of Kim Kardashian's oiled-up butt spawned a biblical flood of agitated responses on social media. So did the cover shot of Caitlyn Jenner on Vanity Fair and the YouTube video of a tiny hamster noshing tiny burritos and the season-five finale of the TV show Game of Thrones. But none of these starbursts unleashed so much traffic that the internet was in danger of crashing. It's too vast and robust for that to ever happen. Or is it? I'm wondering if Virgos' current propensities for high adventure and rollicking melodrama could generate phenomena that would actually, not just metaphori-cally, break the internet. To be safe, I suggest you enjoy yourself to the utmost, but not more than the utmost.

LIBRA (Sept 23–Oct 22): The coming weeks will be a favorable time for you to acquire a new title. It's quite possible that a person in authority will confer it upon you, and that it will signify a raise in status, an increase in responsibility, or an expansion of your clout. If for some reason this upgrade doesn't occur naturals. rally, take matters into your own hands. Tell people to refer to you as "Your Excel-lency" or "Your Majesty." Wear a name tag that says "Deputy Director of Puzzle Solving" or "Executive Vice President of Fanatical Balance and Insane Poise. For once in your life, it's okay to risk becoming a legend in your own mind. P.S. It wouldn't be a bad time to demand a promotion—diplomatically, of course, in the Libran spirit

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): Between now and July 22, your password and mantra and battle cry is "serendipity." To make sure you are clear about its meaning, meditate on these definitions: a knack for uncovering surprising benefits by accident, a talent for stumbling upon timely help or useful resources without searching for them. Got that? Now I'll provide clues that should help you get the most out of your lucky breaks and blessed

twists: (1) Be curious and receptive, not lackadaisical and entitled. (2) Expect the unexpected, and vow to thrive on surprises. (3) Your desires are more likely to come true if you are unattached to the coming true. But you should formulate those desires clearly and precisely.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): On be-Additional Strange Angels in Charge of Uproarious Beauty and Tricky Truths, I am pleased to present you with the award for Most Catalytic Fun-Seeker and Intriguing Game-Changer of the Zodiac. What are your specific superpowers? You're cayour specific superpowers? You're ca-pable of transforming rot into splendor. You have a knack for discovering secrets that have been hidden. I also suspect that your presence can generate magic laughter and activate higher expectations and wake everyone up to the interesting truths they've been ignoring.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): "Who is that can tell me who I am?" asks King Lear in the Shakespeare play named after him. It's a painful moment. The old boy is confused and alarmed when he speaks those words. But I'd like to borrow his question and transplant it into a very different context: your life right now. I think that you can engender inspirational results by making it an ongoing meditation. There are people in a good position to provide you with useful insights into who you are

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): What's hard but important for you to do? What are the challenging tasks you know you should undertake because they would improve your life? The coming days will be a favorable time to make headway on these labors. You will have more power than usual to move what has been nearly impossible to move. You may be surprised by your ability to change situations that have resisted and outfoxed you in the past. I'm not saying that any of this will be smooth and easy. But I bet you will be able to summon unprecedented amounts of willpower and perseverance

PISCES (Feb 19–March 20): Franz Kafka produced three novels, a play, four short fiction collections, and many other stories. And yet some of his fellow orner stories. And yet some or his reliow writers thought he was uncomfortable in expressing himself. Bertolt Brecht said Kafka seemed perpetually afraid, as if he were being monitored by the cops for il-licit thoughts. Milena Jesenská observed that Kafka often wrote like he was sitting naked in the midst of fully clothed people Your assignment in the coming weeks is to shed such limitations and inhibitions from your own creative expression. What would you need to do to free your imagination? To get started, visualize five pleasurable scenarios in which you feel joyful, autonomous, generous, and expar

Homework: What's your secret beauty, the great thing about you that no one knows about? Testify at freewillastrology.com



SAVAGE LOVE

Disunion by dan savage

I entered into a civil union with another woman in Vermont in 2000. My ex and I were together $until\ 2003,\ when\ we\ decided\ to\ go\ our\ separate$ ways. It is now 2015, and my new partner (who happens to be male) and I are expecting a baby

and talking about getting married. We live in Texas. I know that there $are \ ways \ to \ dissolve \ my \ civil \ union$ in Vermont, but I can't get ahold of $my\ ex\ (ex\mbox{-}wife?\ Ex\mbox{-}CUer?)\ to\ sign$ any of the forms. Neither do I want to, because frankly it was an abusive relationship and I still bear emotional scars. She threatened my life, encouraged my suicidal thoughts, and told meI was a loser

who didn't deserve to live. I feel I have finally found peace, but now that it has become an issue again, I don't know. I have intense thoughts of $wanting \ to \ kill \ her \ if \ I \ should \ ever \ see \ her. \ Thank$ goodness she lives in another state! Is there a way to dissolve my civil union without having to directly contact my ex?

> Undoing Niggling Compact In Vermont Isn't Legally Uncomplicated

Vermont played a groundbreaking role in the fight for marriage equality in the United States. (Spoiler alert: We won the fight on June 26, 2015.) A little history: Way, way back in 1999, before same-sex marriage was legal anywhere in the United States, the Vermont Supreme Court ruled that same-sex couples were entitled to the same "benefits and protections" as opposite-sex couples. Vermont's highest court ordered the state legislature to come up with a solution. Instead of allowing same-sex couples to marry—a simpler fix legislatively but a more explosive one politically—in 2000, Vermont's lawmakers created a separate-but-equal compromise, aka "civil unions." Full marriage equality came to Vermont in 2009, making it the fourth US state to allow same-sex couples to wed.

So what became of your civil union after 2009, UNCIVILU? Did it become a marriage after same-sex marriage became legal in Vermont, like domestic partnerships did in Washington State?

"Our marriage law didn't automatically convert CUs to marriages," said Elizabeth Kruska, an attorney in Vermont who handles family law. "And although civil unions were (and are) legal in Vermont, other states did not have to recognize them as legal unions. That's where UNCIVILU has a problem. Her civil union is still legal and on the books here in Vermont. Now, I'm pretty sure Texas didn't recognize civil unions—I'm not a lawyer in Texas, so I don't know for sure, but I am a human being with functional brain cells who lives in the United States, so I think it's probably fair to say."

So if Texas doesn't recognize your Vermont civil union, does that mean you're in the clear? Sadly, no. "There is an interesting case from Massachusetts that hit this same issue square on the head," said Kruska. "A couple got a civil union in Vermont, the parties then separated, and one of the people got married to a different person in Massachusetts. The court in Massachusetts said that the civil union invalidated the subsequent Massachusetts marriage.'

Even if Texas doesn't recognize your Vermont civil union—and it probably wouldn't— Vermont would recognize your Texas marriage.

"That would create a situation where the letter writer, at least in one state, would have two legal spouses," said Kruska. "And that's not legal. So the smartest thing for UNCIVILU to do is to dissolve her Vermont civil union. The last thing she wants is to try to get married to the new person and for the marriage later to be found void because she had this other union out there."

Kruska suggested that you contact legal service organizations in Vermont to find a lawyer who can help you. And if you don't want to contact your ex, or if your ex won't respond to you, she recommended that you file for a dissolution and let the court serve your former partner.

"UNCIVILU and her ex may both be able to

participate in the hearings by telephone, since they live in other states and it would be burdensome for them to travel back to Vermont," said Kruska, "and as an added bonus, UNCIVILU wouldn't have to see her ex in person." Elizabeth

Kruska works at rivercitylawyers. com in White River Junction, Vermont, and blogs about legal issues $at\ scovlegal. blogspot.com.$

In a former life, I was a staunch Republican and voted for antigay ballot initiatives. Then, after a bad divorce 18 years ago, I moved to another state and fell in with an artistic crowd. Over the years,

I became close friends with people with vastly different life experiences, and I've developed an entirely new attitude toward gay rights. My dilemma: When SCOTUS handed down their ruling making marriage a right for all, I congratulated all my non-straight friends on Facebook. One of those friends posted a note thanking me for "always being in [their] corner." My asshole brother then commented that not only had I not "always" been supportive, in my previ $ous\ life\ I\ campaigned\ against\ gay\ rights.\ Several$ non-straight friends jumped to my defense, stating that it couldn't be true. I am ashamed of the person I was and have worked hard to be a better person. Is there any point in apologizing?

Don't Have A Clever Acronym

Anthony Kennedy, the Supreme Court justice who wrote the majority decision in $Obergefell\ v.$ Hodges, which legalized same-sex marriage in all 50 states, also wrote the majority opinions in Lawrence v. Texas (2003), which declared laws against sodomy to be unconstitutional, and Windsor v. United States (2013), which overturned the Defense of Marriage Act. Kennedy will obviously go down in history as a hero to the gay-rights movement—but his record isn't perfect.

Richard Frank Adams, a US citizen, legally married Anthony Corbett Sullivan, an Australian citizen, in 1975 in Boulder, Colorado. The men had been issued a marriage license by a county clerk who couldn't find anything in state law that prevented two men from marrying. Adams and Sullivan applied for a spousal visa for Sullivan. Here's the response the couple gotthe entire response—on official US Citizenship and Immigration Services letterhead: "You have failed to establish that a bona fide marital relationship can exist between two faggots.'

The couple sued, and Kennedy, then a circuit court judge, heard their case—and he ruled against the "two faggots." Adams and Sullivan had to leave the country to be together.

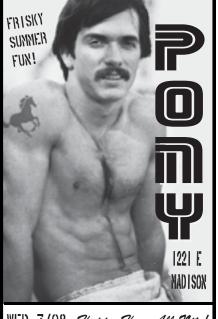
Exactly 18 years passed between 1985, when Kennedy signed off on the deportation of Sullivan, and 2003, when Kennedy wrote his first major gay-rights decision.

In Obergefell, Kennedy wrote that "new insights and societal understandings" changed the way many Americans—including a majority of Americans on the Supreme Court-see gay people. The same goes for you: New insights and understandings have changed how you think, feel, and vote about gay people. And that's exactly what the queer-rights movement has been asking of straight people all along: to think, feel, and vote differently-and you have done all three. You can and perhaps should apologize to your gay friends for the antigay attitudes vou once held-and for antigay votes vou once cast—but they should immediately thank you for being the person you are now.

You can be ashamed of the person you once were but proud of the person you are now—unlike Roberts, Alito, Thomas, and Scalia, four men who are as shameful now as they ever were. \blacksquare

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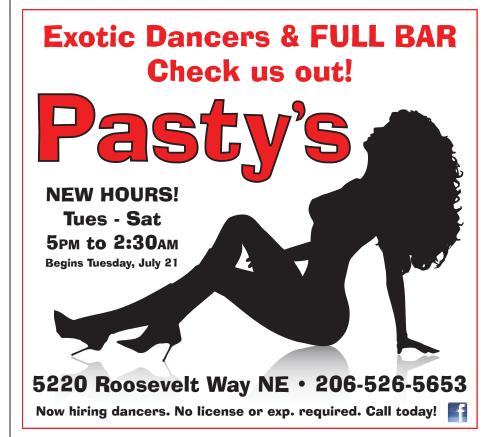
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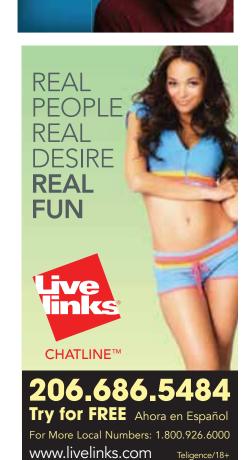




MAN to MAN

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PELE FRUM CZECH:
Pete, we stayed together at Roy St. for
a little while. My name is Manda. I
lost your contact info and I'm worried about you! Please contact me as soon as you see this! When: Wednesday, May 1, 2013. Where: Near Space Needle. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921172

ASHLEY CATCHING BUS ON EASTLAKEAVEE

EASTLAKEAVEE
You're Ashley and you live in Cap.
Hill. Mine is Chris. You asked me for
a cigarette. We had fun conversation.
You said I helped pass the time really
well. You almost missed your bus...
Wish you had. Find me. When:
Wednesday, July 1, 2015.
Where: Bus stop at Mercer and
Eastlake Ave E. You: Woman.
Me. Man. #201171 Me: Man. #921171

YOU. DENNY-BLAINE-BEACH.

ME, ROSÃ→©.

You: yoga-bod at Denny-Blaine-Beach. Me, drinking rosÃ→© from the bottle wfriend. You offered cups. Me, too stupid to realize you were flirting. What colour were the cups and when are you going to find me and take me out? x When: Sunday, July 5, 2015. Where: Denny Blaine Reach, You: Woman Me. Blaine Beach. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921170

MEGAN GREEN LAKE CHOCOLATI 7/4

You: Megan from 80th. Bought my chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura chai & introduced yourself. I: Maura from 73rd. Leggings with Pride flag pattern on the front, stars & stripes on the back. I left, flustered, too soon. When: Noon. Can I buy *you* soonting? When: Saturday, July 4, 2015. Where: Green Lake Chocolati. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921169

WATERMEI ON HEI MET PRIESTESS

biked alongside you chatting. Thought you were a friend, turns out Inought you were a triend, turns out you were just a beautiful kind water-melon crowned person. Only after I rode off did I think of asking for your number. Is it too late? When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 12th ave and east cherry st. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921168. #921168

MAZDA3 125TH AND

GREENWOOD You driving a light colored Mazda3, wearing a white blouse. Son in the back seat. You both looked at me back seat. You both looked at the and smiled, made my evening! Meet for more smiles for drinks/coffee? We stopped at 125th going south on Greenwood. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: Driving South on Greenwood Ave N. Y Woman. Me: Man. #921167

REDHEAD ON THE 545

I see you pretty often lately, we both take the 545, you catch me looking, I act like I'm not. Rinse, Wash, Repeat. You sat down across from me today when there were tons of open seats, made my day. When: Wednesday, July 1, 2015. Where: 545 July 1, 2015. Where: 545 Bus. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921166

WEDGWOOD BROILER MONDAY 6/29

MONDAY 6/29
You: eating alone across from two loud, giggly girls/chicks/broads. You were a distraction and I apologize if the times you caught me glancing at you was uber-creepy. It couldn't be helped...you're a very handsome man. That is all. Carry on. When: Monday, June 29, 2015. Where: Wedrowood Broiler. You: Man. Wedgwood Broiler. You: Man. Me: Woman, #921165

Eli. It's Genessa. We met at Pride and talked about job possibilities. You texted me and I somehow deleted your number. Please text me again. I want to help. I keep thinking about you! Happy liberation my friend! When: Sunday, June 28, 2015. Where: PrideFest Main Stage Rear Carden You. Man Man Beer Garden. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921164

RADIANT CUTIF AT P.C.C.

Piper at Green Lake PCC, damn you're gorgeous, with a smile that resonates long after you've given it... Let's have a conversation sometime! When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Green Lake P.C.C.. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921161

ONE EYED PURPLE PEOPLE EATER Took pix of you at Solstice. Would love

to show them to you. I was on a fold up bike with helmet. I wasn't trying to be lewd... your smile was amazing, your outlook wasincredible. Dinner is on me. When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Gas Works Park. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921160

19TH AND THOMAS BUS STOP

Dear M My first 'I Saw II' ad Kind of Dear M, My first 'I Saw U' ad. Kind of embarrassing. My heart was beating faster this morning when I saw you again. Why? Many possible reasons.. want to explore? I love mysteries. And I love uncovering things. xxxx, S When: Thursday, June 25, 2015. Where: 19th and Thomas bus stop. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921158

BAKERY BAR STOOLS

BAKERY BAR STUDLS

I've run the numbers- it seems we could have had two chairs each and arm-wrestled for the fifth. You live in Madison Park and get to the French bakery for coffee? We just please must be pals. Neighborly, Wi-Fi aficionado When: Thursday, June 25, 2015. Where: Belle Epicurean. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921157

ON THE 550

ON THE 550
You: Gingery-blonde, green socks. Me:
Bearded, purple plaid. You loaded
your bike at Westlake. You said hello
to a woman you know then pet her
small dog. We exchanged a few smiles
before I de-boarded at International
Station. You're adorable. When:
Wednesday, June 24, 2015.
Where: 550 Bus at Westlake.
You: Man. Me: Man. #921155

HADDI AT FREMONT SOLSTICE

You and your friend were at Fremont Brewing and I was holding my dog. You helped me give her water. I saw you again at Gasworks and we chatted while your friend's phone charged. I'd love to see you again When: Saturday, June 20, 2015.
Where: Fremont Brewing and
Gasworks. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921154

ROCKCREEK ON JUNE 22

You were having dinner with what looked like your brother and you dad. I was with friends. Could not stop looking at you. When: Monday, June 22. 2015. Where: Rockcreek. Man. Me: Woman. #921153

POSER!

We work together. You like good music and know tons of the same people. Up until yesterday I thought you were kinda lame... But I feel differently now. I hope we can become friends? When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Pizurple. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921151

the United States of America show at the Fremont Fair on June 20th. You came up beside me to dance and it was hot and I'd like to dance with vo again. When: Saturday, June 20, 2015. Where: Fremont Fair. You: Man. Me: Man. #921152

REACHING MY LIMIT

You work at the math study center at UW. Your tattoo is hot. I like how you use pencils with no erasers and scrape the metal against the paper. Come sit next to me some more. When: Wednesday, June 24 2015 Where: UW Math Center. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921156

WESTCREST DOG PARK

WESTCREST DUG PARK
SUNDAY 6/28
You were with 3 dogs and wearing
a smile and a lovely, flowing sundress that left me wanting more of
both. Me with 2 german shepherds.
Let's meet again sometime and see
if our animals can play nice? When:
Monday, June 29, 2015. Where:
Westcrest Dog Park. You:
Woman. Me: Man. #921162

CLARK KENT AT JOE BAR

Norwegian Wood and eating a delicious pepper biscuit. Liust wanted to tell you I liked you're whole aesthetic - The bot-tle blonde with the teen and the barky little dog. When: Sunday, June 21, 2015. Where: Joe Bar. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921149

ALASKA FLYING

We sat next to each other on the flight, you were heading to a sorority conference and you sing in the Seattle Women's Chorus. Despite our age difference, I'd love to get a drink and see if anything more develops.
When: Wednesday, June 17,
2015. Where: On a plane. You:
Woman. Me: Man. #921148

"UNREAL" TANDEM TROUBLE

TROUBLE
Me: bicycle-built-for-two. You: blonde, glasses, all smiles and compliments for the bike. Cheersed at the bar later. Couldn't help but have two thoughts: 1) Boyfriend? 2) Wish she were tandeming with me! If former isn't the case want to ride? When: Friday, June 19, 2015. Where: Neptune Theater. You: Woman. Me: Man. Theater. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921147

90'S NIGHT DANCE FLOOR FALL

90'S NIGHT DANCE FLOOR FALL
I am not the most graceful dancer
and we(!) made quite the scene but
the night was memorable. Your laugh
and smile was contagious. I hope to
swipe you off your feet, in a better way
of course. When: Tuesday, June
16, 2015. Where: Havana. You:
Woman. Me: Woman. #921146

DELTA FIRST-CLASS AMAZON

We saw each other in the SanDiego airport, then sat near each other in airport, then sat near each other in first-class, flying to Seattle. You, tall blond, black top and jeans. Big warm smile. You borrowed a pen. You're visiting a daughter. Let's connect. When: Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Where: Delta 5737 SEATAC. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921145

OUTSIDE QUEEN ANNE BOOK

COMPANY
I was on an awkward blind "date" as I saw you walk outside the bookstore. I wanted to smile and look at you longer but I was trying to be polite to the woman I was with. You're absolutely beautiful. When: Wednesday, June 17, 2015. Where: Queen Anne Rook Company You. Anne Book Company. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921144

Diego airport then 1st class. You bor-rowed a pen from me. I liked every-thing about you, your height, figure, style of dress, jewelry, and mostly your warm and large smile! Let's connect. When: Tuesday, June 16, 2015. Where: Delta 5737 SEATAC. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921143

CHIHULY GARDENS THEATER FRIDAY AFTERNOON

You are a 40-something, tall, lovely black-woman hanging back to let other people have a seat. I was a 40-something white man leav-ing the theater with my 80 yr old mom. You looked at me looking at you. Hi. When: Friday, June 19, 2015. Where: Chihuly Garden Theater. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921150

THE 8TH AT UPTOWN

ESPESSOMonday the 8th at "the best coffee in town" around 8 am. in West Seattle My white dog drew your attention and we discoverd we all are from Jersey. Would like to see you again Linn. When: Monday, June 8, 2015. Where: Uptown Espresso, West Seattle. You: Woman. Me: Woman, #921142

GC DISCOUNT AT RECORD STORE

To the Capitol Hill record store clerk and BABE who gave me the "Gene Clark discount" Sunday evening (6/14), a little before 9, at your place of employment- on the off chance you see this, drinks? When: Sunday, lune 14, 2015, Where: Canitol Hill Record Store. You: Man.

NECK TATTOO AT CUPCAKE

You: sitting at Cupcake Royale with a women. Me: sitting next to you, having coffee with my mom. Is she your SO? If not, wanna go on a date? I dig your neck tats. I think you're hot. When: Saturday, June 13, 2015. Where: Cupcake Royale in Ballard. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921140

GEICO VAN IN BALLARD

Cute tattooed boy driving Geico van. Are you single? Let's get beers and walk around the park. Maybe I'll let you sell me some insurance (I need it!) When: Saturday, June 13, 2015. Where: Ballard. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921139

BARNES & NOBLE -DOWNTOWN

I was holding a Junot Diaz book and standing in the fiction section. You were wearing a grey shirt and smiled at me. It came into my mind tonight and I thought it was worth throwing out into the world. When: Thursday, June 11, 2015. Where: Barnes & Noble. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921138

SMACKED BY BABY AT

5-SPOTYou're new at 5-Spot and weren't sure what hush-puppies are. I spilled water and then my niece slapped you in the face. But you and her did you in the lace. But you and net du an E.T. finger touch thing, and all was good. You were crazy charming. When: Wednesday, June 10, 2015. Where: 5 Spot, Queen Anne. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921137



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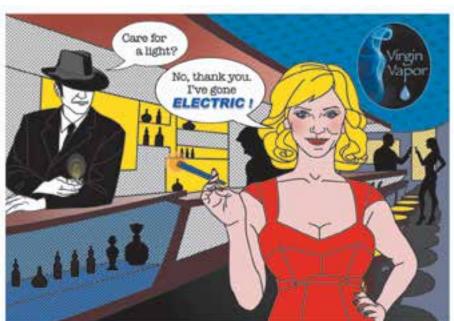


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-Customer Limak, 3/10/14

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-Customer E-mail, 6/11/14











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